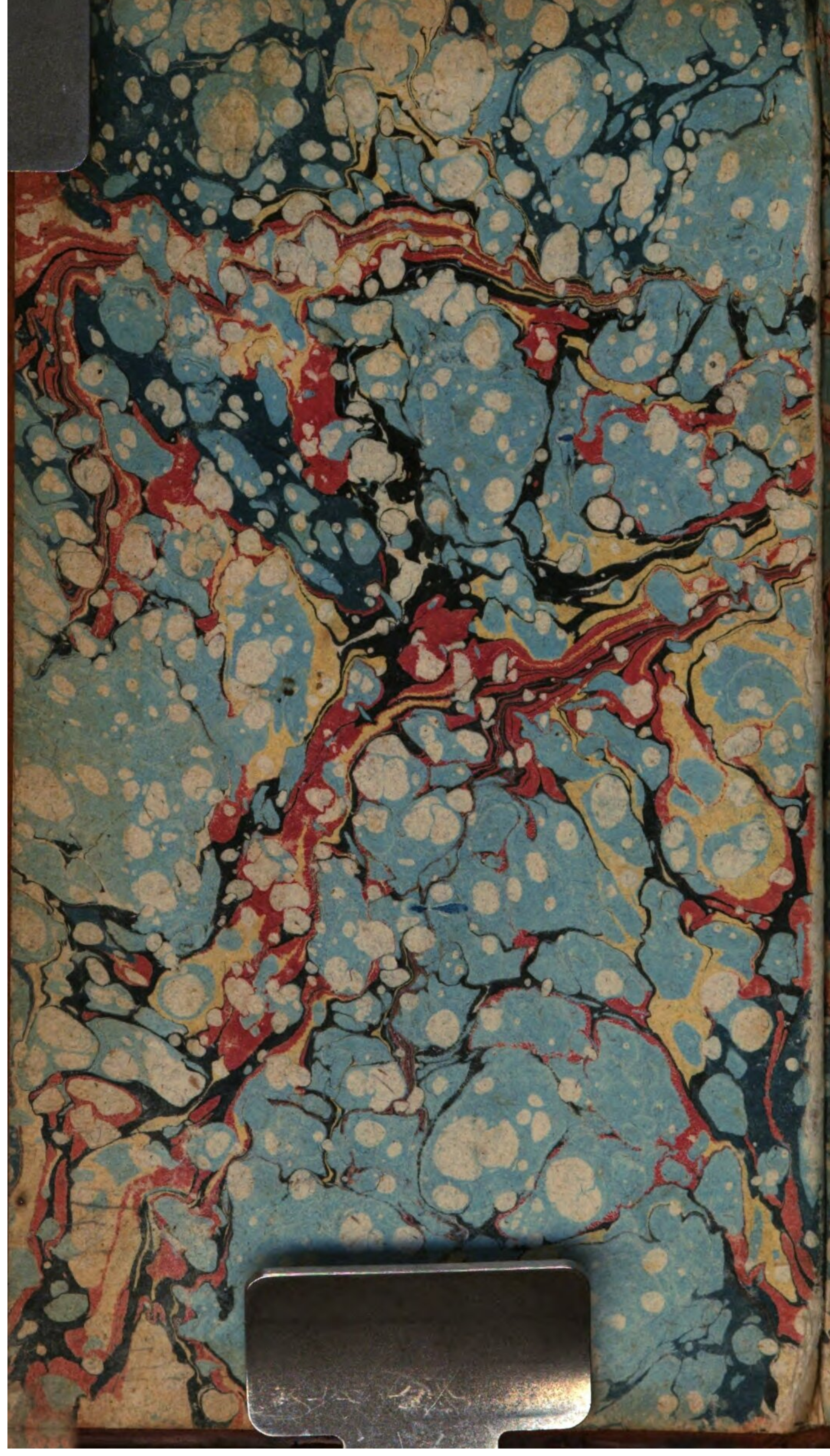








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Goldsmith

THE
V I C A R
OF
WAKEFIELD:
A T A L E.

Supposed to be written by HIMSELF.

Sperate miseri, cavete felices.

A NEW EDITION.

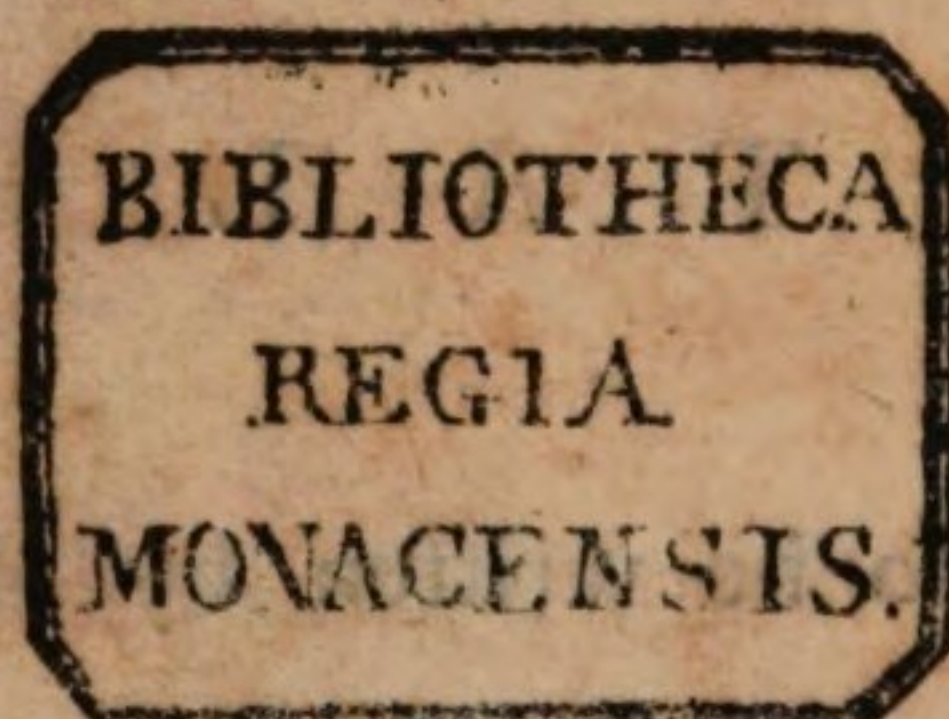
Wherein the 'Accent is plac'd on the most necessary words for the facility of those who are desirous to pronounce the english rightly.

BERLIN:

Printed for AUGUST MYLIUS,
Bookfeller in Brøther-Street.

M D C C L X I X.

THE
V I C A R
OF
W A K E F I E L D :



A NEW EDITION
The title the Accen is placed on the 17th page
of the volume for the benefit of the reader
and to prove the right of the author.

PRINTED FOR ALBERT
DODDING in London
M D C C L X

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE are an hundred faults in this Thing, and an hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needles. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be véry dull withòut a single absurdity. The hère of this piece unites in himself the thrèe grèatest cháracters upón earth ; he is a priest, an húsbandman, and the father of a fá mily. He is dràwn as ready to tèach, and ready to obèy, as simple in áffluence, and majéstic in advérsity. In this age of ópulence and refînement whom can such a character plèase ? Such as are

a 2

fónd

fond of high life, will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fire-side. Such as mistake ribaldry for humour, will find no wit in his harmless conversation; and such as have been taught to deride religion, will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity.

OLIVIER GOLDSMITH.

CON-

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CHAP. I.

The description of the family of Wakefield; in which a kindred likeness prevails as well of minds as of persons.

I WAS éver of opínion, that the hónest man who married and broúght up a large fámi-ly, did mòre sèrvíce than hè who cóntínued síngle, and ónly tàlked of populàtion. From this mòtive, I had scàrce tàken òrders a yéar before I began to think sèriously of mátrimo-ny, and chòse my wífe as she did her wédding gown, not for a fíne glossy sùrface, but such quálities as would wéar well. To do her jú-stice, she was a gòod-nàtured nòtable wòman; and as for brèeding, there were fèw country làdies who could shew mòre. She could réad any English bòok withóut much spélling; but for píckling, préferving, and còokery, nòne could excél her. She prided herself àlso upon being an éxcellent contríver in hòuse-keeping; tho' I could néver find that we grèw richer with all her contrívances.

Howéver, we loved éach òther tenderly, and our fondness encreased as we grew òld.

A

There

There was in fact nóthing that could make us angry with the wórld or each òther. We had an élégant hoùse, sítuated in a fine coúntry, and a good nèighbourhood. The year was spént in móral or rùral amùsement; in vísiting our rich nèighbours, and relièving such as were pòor. We had no revolutìons to fèar, nor fatígues to undergó; àll our advéntures were by the fire-side, and àll our migràtions from the blue béd to the bròwn.

As we lived nèar the roàd, we óften had ~~the~~ tráveller or stránger vísit us to tàste our gòoseberry wíne, for which we had great reputàtion; and I profess with thé verácíty of an hístòrian, that I never knèw one of them find faùlt with it. Our cóusins tòo, éven to the fórtieth remòve, all remembered their affinity, withòut any help from the herald's óffice, and càme very fréquently to sèe us. Some of thém did us no great hónour by these claíms of kindred; as we had the blínd, the màimed, and the hàlt amóngst the nùmber. Howéver, my wife always ínfísted that as they were the sàme *flesh and blòod*, they shòuld sít with us at the sàme table. So that if we had not véry rich, we génerally had very happy friends abòut us; fór this remàrk will hold good thro' life, that the pòorer the guest, the better pleàsèd he ever is with bèing treated: and as sòme men gàze with ad-

admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. 'However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house, I ever took care to lend him a riding coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes an horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by school boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The 'Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated curtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they

were at ónce well fòrmed and héalthy; my sons hàrddy and áctive, my dàughters beautiful and blòoming. When I stòod in the midst of the líttle cìricle, which prómised to be the supports of my declìning age, I could not avoid repéating the fámous stòry of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry II's prògress through Gérmány, while other courtiers càme with their tréasures, bròught his thirty-two children, and prèfènted them to his sòvereign as the most váluable offering he had to bestòw. In this mánner, thòugh I had but six, I cónsidered them as a very váluable prèfènt màde to my còuntry, and cónsequently lòoked upon it as my débtor. Our eldest son was nàmed George, after his uncle, who left us ten thòusand pounds. Our sécònd child, a girl, I intènded to càll after her àunt Grissel; but my wife, who dùring her prègnancy had been rèading románces, insisted upòn her bèing càlled Olivia. In less than anòther yèar we had, anòther dàughter, and nòw I was detèrmined that Grissel shòuld be her nàme; but a rich relàtion tàking a fàncy to stand gódmother, the girl wàs, by her dirèctions, càlled Sophia; so that we had two romántic nàmes in the fámily; but I solemnly protést I had no hánd in it. Mòses was our néxt, and áfter an interval of twelve yèars, we had two sons mòre.

It

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little one about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, 'Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country.' — 'Ay, neighbour,' she would answer, they are as heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does. And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriance of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first; but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successfully repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features, at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers, Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected from too great a desire to

6 The VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

given the same
plèase. Sophia éven repress excellence from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sènsè when I was sèrious. But these qualities were néver carried to excès in either, and I have often sèen them échange cháracters for a whole day togéther. A suit of mourning has transfórmed my cóquet into a prúde, and a new sèt of ribbands has gíven her younger sístér mòre than náatural vivacity. My eldest sòn George was bred at O'xford, as I inténded him for one of the léarned profèssions. My sécond boy Mòses, whom I désígned for búsinèss, received a sort of a miscellánèous educàtion at hòme. But it is needlèss to attétempt describing the párticular cháracters of young peòple that had sèen but very little of the wórld, In shórt, a fámily likèness prevailled through àll, and properly spèaking, they had but one cháracter, that of being all èqually gènerous, crédulous, sìmple, and inoffènsive.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Family misfortunes. The loss of fortune only serves to encrease the pride of the worthy.

THE temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management, as to the spiritual I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to but thirty-five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for having a sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony; so that in a few years it was a common saying, that there were three strange wants at Wakefield, a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and ale-houses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness: but there was a peculiar

—tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second, or to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking are read only by the happy *Few*. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but alas! they had not like me made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb, that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, œconomy, and obedience till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune; but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence, were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such an happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company, seemed to encrease their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study: they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philoso-

phers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead; for as she always insisted upon carving every thing herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us upon these occasions the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits, shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a twopenny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together; I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the shy looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on another object, the completing a tract which I intended shortly to publish in defence of my favourite principle.

As

As I looked upon this as a master-piece both for argument and style, I could not in the pride of my heart avoid shewing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation; but not till too late I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance: but on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides; he asserted that I was heterodox, I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the mean time, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. 'How,' cried I, 'relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be an husband, already driven to the very verge of absurdity. You might as well advise me to give up my fortune as my argument.' 'Your fortune,' returned my friend, 'I am now sorry to inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in town, in whose hands your money

12 The VICAR of WAKEFIELD.

,móney was lódded, has gone óff, to avòid a
 ‘státute of bánkruptcy, and is thòught not to
 ‘have left a shílling in the pòund. I was un-
 ‘wílling to shóck you or the fámily with the
 ‘accoùnt till after the wédding: but nòw it
 ‘may serve to móderate your wármth in the
 ‘árgument; fór, I suppòse, your own prúden-
 ‘ce will enfórcè the necéssity of dissémb ling at
 ‘lèast till your son has the young lády’s fórtu-
 ‘ne secùre.’ — ‘Wéll retúrnèd I, ‘if what
 ‘you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beg-
 ‘gar, it sháll never make me a rásca l, or in-
 ‘duce me to disavow my príncíples. I’ll go
 ‘this mòment and infórm the cómpany of my
 ‘circumstánces; and as for the árgument, I
 ‘éven here retráct my fòrmer concéssions in
 ‘the òld gentleman’s fàvour, nor will I allow
 ‘him nòw to be an húbband in ány sense of the
 ‘exp réssion.’

It would be éndless to describe the díffe-
 rent sensátions of both fámilies when I divúl-
 ged the nêws of our misfórtune; but what
 óthers felt was flíght to what the lóvers appèa-
 red to endùre. Mr. Wilmot, who sèemed be-
 fòre súfficiently inclíned to break óff the match,
 was by this blòw fòon détérminèd: one vírtue
 he had in perféction, which was prúden-
 ce, too often the ónly one that is léft us at sèventy-
 two.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

A migration. The fortunate circumstances of our lives are generally found at last to be of our own procuring.

THE only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortunes might be malicious or premature : but a letter from my agent in town soon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling ; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humble without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction ; for premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them ; and at last a small Cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me in a distant neighbourhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

Ha-

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune; and all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention therefore was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances; for I well knew that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. 'You cannot be ignorant, my children,' cried I, 'that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us conform to our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up those splendours with which numbers are wretched, and seek in humbler circumstances that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help, why then should not we learn to live without theirs. No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility; we have still enough left for happiness if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.'

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is,
per-

perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. ‘You are going, my boy,’ cried I, ‘to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, travelled thence before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good bishop Jewel, this staff, and take this book too, it will be your comfort on the way: these two lines in it are worth a million, *I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging their bread.* Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy, whatever be thy fortune let me see thee once a year; still keep a good heart, and farewell.’ As he was possessed of integrity and honour, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a good part whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards.

The

The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity, was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension, and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to encrease it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shewn a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would encrease the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly 'Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose

featu-

features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph, nor was my wife less pleased and confident, of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband, that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. 'Want money!' replied the host, 'that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare and old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing.' The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, shewing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in cloaths that once were laced. His person was well formed, and his face marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to

B

satis-

satisfy the présent demand. ‘I take it with all
 ‘my heart, Sir,’ replied he, ‘and am glád that
 ‘a late oversight in giving what money I had
 ‘about me, has shewn me, that there are still
 ‘some men like you. I must, however, pré-
 ‘vioufly entreat being informed of the name
 ‘and résidence of my benefactor, in order to
 ‘repay him as soon as possible.’ In this I sa-
 tisfied him fully, not only mentioning my na-
 me and late misfortunes, but the place to which
 I was going to remove. ‘This,’ cried he,
 ‘happens still more luckily than I hoped for, as
 ‘I am going the same way myself, having been
 ‘detained here two days by the floods, which,
 ‘I hope, by to-morrow will be found passable.’
 I testified the pleasure I should have in his com-
 pany, and my wife and daughters joining in en-
 treaty, he was prevailed upon to stay supper.
 The stranger’s conversation, which was at once
 pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish
 for a continuance of it; but it was now high
 time to retire and take refreshment against the
 fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward
 together: my family on horseback, while Mr.
 Burchell, our new companion, walked along
 the foot-path by the road-side, observing, with
 a smile, that as we were ill mounted, he would
 be too generous to attempt leaving us behind.

As

As the floods were not yet subſidet, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philoſophical diſputes, which he ſeemed to underſtand perfectly. But what ſurprized me moſt was, that though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obſtinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then alſo informed me to whom the different ſeats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. ‘That,’ cried he, pointing to a very magnificent houſe which ſtood at ſome diſtance, ‘belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependant on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman, who content with a little himſelf, permits his nephew to enjoy the reſt, and chiefly reſides in town.’ ‘What!’ cried I, ‘is my young landlord then the nephew of a man whoſe virtues, generoſity, and ſingularities are ſo univerſally known?’ ‘I have heard Sir William Thornhill repreſented as one of the moſt generous, yet whimſical, men in the kingdom; a man of conſummate benevolence.’ — ‘Something, perhaps, too much ſo,’ replied Mr. Burchell, ‘at leaſt he carried benevolence to an exceſs when young; for his paſſions were then ſtrong, and

‘as they àll were upòn the fide of vîrtue, they
‘léd it úp to a romántic extrême. He èarly be-
‘gán to àim at the qualificàtions of the fòldier
‘and the fchólar; was fòon distingúished in the
‘àrmy, and had fòme reputàtion amóng men of
‘léarning. Adulàtion éver follows the ambí-
‘tious; fòr fuch àlone recèive most pléasure
‘from flàttery. He was furrouned with crows,
‘who fhéwed him only one fide of their chá-
‘racter; so that he begán to lòse a regàrd for pri-
‘vate interést in univérstal sympathy. He lòv-
‘ed all mànkind; fòr fòrtune prevénted him
‘from knòwing that there were ráscales. Phy-
‘sicians tell us of a difòrder in which the whòle
‘bódy is so éxquisitely fénfible, that the fligh-
‘test touch gives pàin: what fòme have thus
‘súffered in their pérsons, this gentleman félt
‘in his mind. The flighest distréfs, whether
‘réal or fictítious, tòuched him to the quíck,
‘and his sou! làboured under a fíckly fénfibilité
‘of the mîseries of óthers. Thus dispòsed to
‘relieve, it will be èasily conjéctured, he fòund
‘númbers dispòsed to solícit: his profúfions be-
‘gán to impàir his fòrtune, but not his good-
‘nature; that, indèed, was fèen tò encreàse as
‘the other fèemed to decày: he grèw impróvi-
‘dent as he grew pòor; and though he tàlked
‘like a man of fénse, his áctions were thòse of
‘fòol. Still, howéver, being furrouned with
im-

‘importunity, and no longer able to satisfy every
‘request that was made him, instead of *money*
‘he gave *promises*. They were all he had to
‘bestow, and he had not resolution enough to
‘give any man pain by a denial. By this he
‘drew round him crowds of dependants whom
‘he was sure to disappoint; yet wished to re-
‘lieve. These hung upon him for a time, and
‘left him with merited reproaches and contempt.
‘But in proportion as he became contemptible
‘to others, he became despicable to himself.
‘His mind had leaned upon their adulation, and
‘that support taken away, he could find no plea-
‘sure in the applause of his heart, which he had
‘never learnt to reverence. The world now
‘began to wear a different aspect; the flattery
‘of his friends began to dwindle into simple
‘approbation. Approbation soon took the more
‘friendly form of advice, and advice when re-
‘jected produced their reproaches. He now there-
‘fore found that such friends as benefits had
‘gathered round him, were little estimable: he
‘now found that a man’s own heart must be
‘ever given to gain that of another. I now
‘found, that — that — I forgot what I
‘was going to observe: in short, Sir, he re-
‘solved to respect himself, and laid down a plan
‘of restoring his falling fortune. For this pur-
‘pose, in his own whimsical manner, he tra-

‘velled through Eùrope on fòot, and now,
‘though he has scàrce attained the age of thirty,
‘his círcumstances are mòre affluent than éver.
‘At présent, his bounties are more ràtional and
‘móderate than before; but still he preserves
‘the chàracter of an hùmourist, and finds mòst
‘pléasure in eccéntric vùrtues.’

My attentíon was so much taken úp by Mr. Burchell’s accòunt, that I scàrce lóoked fòrward as he went alóng, till we were alàrmed by the críes of my fámily when túrning, I percèived my yóungest daughter in the midst of a rápid stréam, thròwn from her hòrse, and strúggling with the tórrént. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my pòwer to disíngàge myself in tíme to bring her relíef. My sensàtions were even too víolent to permít my attétempting her rescùe: she must have cértainly pérished, had not my compánion, percèiving her dànger, instantly plunged ín to her relíef, and, with some dífficulty, bròught her in sàfety to the ópposite shòre. By tàking the cúrrént a little farther úp, the rest of the fámily got sàfely óver; where we had an opportùnity of jòining our acknowlédgments to hér’s. Her gràtitude may be mòre readily imàgined than described: she thanked her delíverer more with lóoks than wórd, and continued to lean upón his àrm, as if still willing to recèive assístance. My wife
also

also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave; and we pursued our journey. My wife observing as we went, that she liked him extremely, and protesting, that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as our's, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain; but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

CHAP. IV.

*A pròof that even the humblest fortune
may grant happiness, which depends
not on circumstance, but constitution.*

THE place of our retreat was in a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primæval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with chearfulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love-knots on Valentine morning, eat pancakes on Shrove-tide, shewed their wit on the first of A'pril, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprized of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, drest in their finest cloaths, and preceded by a pipe and tabor: A feast also was provided for our reception, at which we ate
chear-

cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit, was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pound for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures: the elms and hedge rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely white-washed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers, being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little républic to which I gáve láws, was régulated in the fóllowing mánnér: by sún-rise we all ássembled in our cómmón apártment; the fire bèing prévioufsly kíndled by the fèrvant. After we had salùted èach óther with proper céremony, for I alwàys thought fít to kèep up some méchanical forms of goòd breeding, withòut which frèedom ever destròys friendship, we àll bent in grátitude to that Bèing who gáve us anóther day. This dùty bèing performed, my son and I went to pursùe our úsual índustry abròad, while my wífe and dàughters emplòyed themsélves in providíng bréakfast, which was alwàys réady at a cértain tíme. I allowèd half an hòur for this méal, and an hòur for dínnér; which tíme was tàken úp in ínnocent mírth betwèen my wífe and dàughters, and in philosóphical árguments betwèen my son and mè.

As we ròse with the sún, so we néver pursùed our lábours after it was gone dówn, but retúrned hòme to the expécting fámily; where smíling lóoks, a nèat héarth, and plèasant fire, were préparèd for our recéption. Nor were we withòut guests: sometìmes fàrmer Flamborough, our tàlkative neighbour, and often the blind pìper, would pay us a vísit, and tàste our goosèberry wíne; for the màking of which we had lóst neither the recèipt nor
the

the reputation. These harmless, people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's last good night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have an halfpenny on Sunday to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well so ever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters; yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery: they still loved laces, ribbands, bugles and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their behaviour served to mortify me: I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendour: their
hair

hair plàistered ùp with pomàtum, their faces patched to tàste, their tràins bundled ùp into an heap behind, and rústling at every mòtion. I could not help smìling at their vánity, particularly that of my wífe, from whom I expected mòre discrétion. In this éxigence, thérefore, my only resòurce was to òrder my son, with an impòrtant air, to call our còach. The girls were amàzed at the commánd; but I repèated it with more solémnity than befòre. —

‘ Sùrely, my dèar, you jest,’ cried my wífe, ‘ we can wàlk it pèrfectly well; we want no còach to carry us now.’ ‘ You mistàke, child,’ retúrned I, ‘ we do want a còach; for if we wàlk to chùrch in this trím, the very children in the pàrish will hòot áfter us.’ — ‘ Indèed,’ replìed my wífe, ‘ I àlways imáginèd that my Chàrles was fond of sèeing his children nèat and hándsome abòut him.’ — ‘ You may be as nèat as you plèase,’ interrúpted I, ‘ and I shall lòve you the bétter for it; but all this is not nèatness, but fríppery. These rúfflings, and pínkings, and pátchings, will only màke us hàted by all the wíves of àll our nèighbours. No, my children,’ contínued I, more gràvelly, ‘ those goùns may be àltered ínto sòmething of a plainer cút; for finery is very unbecóming in us, who want the mèans of dècency.

‘ I

‘ I do not know wheter such flouncing and
‘ shrédding is becoming even in the rich, if
‘ we consider upon a moderate calculàtion,
‘ that the nakedness of the indigent world may
‘ be cloathed from the trimmings of the vain.’

This remónstrance had the proper effect; they went with great compòsure, that very instant, to change their dréss; and the next day I had the satisfáction of finding my dàughters, at their òwn request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sún-day wàistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ónes, and what was still mòre satisfáctory, the goùns seemed improved by this cúrtailing.

CHAP. V.

A new and great acquaintance introduced. What we place most hopes upon generally proves most fatal.

AT a small distance from the house my predecessor had made a seat, overshadowed by an hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle. Here, when the weather was fine and our labour soon finished, we usually sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here too we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet; and as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sung to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue-bells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every situation in life might bring its own peculiar

cùliar pleasures: every mornìng waked us to a repetìtion of toil; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilárity.

It was about the beginning of àutumn, on a hòliday, for I kept such as íntervals of relaxàtion from làbour, that I had dràwn out my fámily to our ùsual place of amùsement, and our young musícians began their ùsual cóncert. As we were thus engagèd, we saw a stag bound nimble by, within about twenty paces of where we were sítting, and by its pánting, it seemèd prest by the húnTERS. We had not much time to refléct upon the poor ánimál's distréss, when we percèived the dogs and hòr-femen come swèeping alóng at some dístance behind, and making the véry path it had tàken. I was instantly for rerúrning in with my fámily; but éither curiósity or surprìze, or some mòre hidden mòtive, held my wife and daughters to their seàts. The húnTsmán, who ròde foremost, pást us with great swíftness, fóllowed by four or fíve pèrsons mòre, who seèmed in équal hàste. At lást, a young géntleman of a more géntèel appèarance than the rést, camè fóward, and for a while regàrding us, instèad of pursùing the chàce, stopt shórt, and giving his hòrse to a servánt who attendèd, appròachèd us with a càreless supèrior air. He seèmed to want no introdúction, but was going to salùte
my

my daughters as one certain of a kind réception; but they had early learnt the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was owner of the estate that lay for some extent round us. He again, therefore, offered to salute the female part of the family; and such was the power of fortune and fine cloaths, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintances, I winked upon my daughters, in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother; so that with a cheasful air they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently; however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a curtesy. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding: an age could not have made them better acquainted. While the fond mother too, equally happy,

happy,

happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and tasting a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him: my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern, while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at: my little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavours could scarce keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his cloaths, and lifting up the naps of his pocket holes, to see what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave; but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a most fortunate hit; for that she had known even stranger things than that brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best of them; and concluded, she protested she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinklers should marry great fortunes, and her children get none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason for it neither, nor why Mr.

C *unhappy* Simpkins

Simpkins gót the ten thousand pound prize in the lóttory, and we fate down with a blánk.

‘ I protést, Charles,’ cried my wífe, ‘ this is
 ‘ the way you àlways damp my girls and mè
 ‘ when we àre in spírits. Tell me, Sóphy,
 ‘ my dèar, what do you think of our nèw ví-
 ‘ sitor? Don’t you think he fèemed to be gòod-
 ‘ natured?’ — ‘ Imménfely so, indèed,
 ‘ mámma,’ replìed she, ‘ I think he has a
 ‘ great dèal to say upón every thing, and is
 ‘ néver at a lófs; and the more trífing the
 ‘ súbject, the mòre he has to say.’ — ‘ Yes,’
 cried Olívia, ‘ he is well enóugh for a mán;
 ‘ but for my párt, I don’t much lìke him, he
 ‘ is so extrèmely ímpudent and fámiliar; but
 ‘ on the guítar he is fhócking.’ These two
 last spèeches I intérpreted by contráries. I
 fòund by this, that Sóphia intèrnally despíed,
 as much as Olivia fécetly admíred him. —

‘ What-ever may be your ópinions of him,
 ‘ my chíldren,’ cried I, ‘ to confés a trùth,
 ‘ he has not prepóssést me in his fàvour.
 ‘ Dispropórtioned friendships ever térmínate
 ‘ in disgúst; and I thóught, notwithstanding all
 ‘ his ease, that he fèemed pérfectly fénfible of
 ‘ the dístance betwèen us. Let us kèep to
 ‘ compánions of our own ránk. There is no
 ‘ cháracter mòre contéptible than a man that
 ‘ is a fórtune-hunter; and I can sèe no réason
 why

why fortune-hunting women should not be
 contemptible too. Thus, at best, we shall
 be contemptible if his views be honourable;
 but if they be otherwise! I should shudder
 but to think of that! It is true, I have no
 apprehensions from the conduct of my chil-
 dren, but I think there are some from his
 character.' — I would have proceeded, but
 for the interruption of a servant from the
 Squire, who, with his compliments, sent us
 a side of venison, and a promise to dine with
 us some days after. This well-timed present
 pleaded more powerfully in his favour, than
 any thing I had to say could obviate. I there-
 fore continued silent, satisfied with just having
 pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own
 discretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires
 to be ever guarded, is scarce worth the sentinel

CHAP. VI.

The happiness of a country fire-side.

AS we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally agreed, that we should have a part of the venison for supper, and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. ‘I am sorry,’ cried I, ‘that we have no neighbour or stranger to take a part in this good cheer: feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality.’ — ‘Bless me,’ cried my wife, ‘here comes our good friend Mr. Burchell, that saved our Sophia, and that run you down fairly in the argument.’ — ‘Confute me in argument, child!’ cried I. ‘You mistake there, my dear. I believe there are but few that can do that: I never dispute your abilities at making a goose-pye, and I beg you’ll leave argument to me.’ — As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the house, and was welcomed by the family, who shook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiously reached him a chair.

I was pleased with the poor man’s friendship for two reasons; because I knew that he
wanted

wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor Gentleman that would do no good when he was young, though he was not yet thirty. He would at intervals talk with great good sense; but in general he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men. He was famous, I found, for singing them ballads, and telling them stories; and seldom went out without something in his pockets for them, a piece of ginger-bread, or an halfpenny whistle. He generally came for a few days into our neighbourhood once a year, and lived upon the neighbours hospitality. He sat down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry wine. The tale went round; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck of Beverland, with the history of Patient Grissel, the adventures of Catskin, and then Fair Rosamond's bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger: all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next ale-house. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him; 'And I,'

cried Bill, ' will give Mr. Burchell my part,
' if my sisters will take me to theirs, ' — ' Well
' done, my good children,' cried I. 'hospitali-
' ty is one of the first christian duties. The
' beast retires to its shelter, and the bird flies to
' its nest; but helpless man can only find re-
' fuge from his fellow creature. The greatest
' stranger in this world, was he that came to
' save it. He never had an house, as if willing
' to see what hospitality was left remaining
' amongst us. Deborah, my dear,' cried I to
my wife, ' give those boys a lump of sugar
' each, and let Dick's be the largest, because
' he spoke first.'

In the morning early I called out my whole family to help at saving an aftergrowth of hay, and our guest offering his assistance, he was accepted among the number. Our labours went on lightly, we turned the swath to the wind, I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr Burchell in assisting my daughter Sophia in her part of the task. When he had finished his own, he would join in her's, and enter into a close conversation: but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune. When we were finished

finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited as on the night before, but he refused, as he was to lie that night at a neighbour's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest. 'What a strong instance,' said I, 'is that poor man of the miseries attending a youth of levity and extravagance. He by no means wants sense, which only serves to aggravate his former folly. Poor forlorn creature, where are now the revellers, the flatterers, that he could once inspire and command! Gone, perhaps to attend the bagnio panders grown rich by his extravagance. They once praised him, and now they applaud the panders: their former raptures at his wit, are now converted into sarcasms at his folly: he is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful.' Prompted perhaps by some secret reasons, I delivered this observation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reprov'd. 'Whatsoever his former conduct may be, pappas, his circumstances should exempt him from censure now. His present indigence is a sufficient punishment for former folly; and I have heard my pappas himself say, that we should never strike our unnecessary blow at a victim over whom

'próvidence holds the scourge of its resént-
 'ment.' — 'You are right, Sophy,' cried
 'my son Mòses, and one of the ántients finely
 'represents so malícious a cónduct, by the
 'attémpts of a rústic to slay Márasyas, whose
 'skín, the fable télls us, had been wholly
 'stript off by anóther. Besides I don't knòw
 'if this poor man's situàtion be so bád as my
 'father would represent it. We are not to
 'júdge of the fèelings of óthers by what we
 'might fèel if in their plàce. Howéver dark
 'the habitàtion of the mòle to our èyes, yet
 'the ánimál itself finds the apártment suffi-
 'ciently lightsome. And to confés a trùth,
 'this man's mind fèems fitted to his stàtion;
 'for I néver heard ány one mòre sprightly
 'than he was to-dày, when he conversed with
 'you.' — This was said withòut the lèast
 desìgn, howéver it excited a blúsh, which
 she stròve to cóver by an affécted làugh, assù-
 ring him, that she scárce took ány nótiçe of
 what he said to hér; but that she believed he
 might ónce have bèn a very fine gèntleman.
 The réadiness with which she undertòok to
 vindicate herself, and her blúshing, were
 sýmptoms I did not intèrnally appròve; but I
 représt my suspícions.

As we expécted our lándlord the next dày
 my wife went to màke the vénison pasty; Mo-
 ses

• ses fate rëading, while I tàught the líttle ones: my dàughters fèemed èqually busy with the rést; and I óbserved them for a gòod while còoking somethìng over the fìre. I at fìrst supposèd they were assísting their móther; but líttle Dick infòrmed me in a whísper, that they were màking a *wásh* for the fàce. Wáshes of àll kinds I had á náatural antípáthy to; for I knèw that instèad of mending the compléxion they spòiled it. I thérèfore appròachèd my chair by sly degrèes to the fìre, and grasping the póker, as if it wanted ménding, fèemingly by áccident, overtúrnèd the whole composítion, and it was too làte to begín anóther.

CHAP. VII.

A to'wn wit described. The dullest fellows may léarn to be cómical for a night or twò.

WHEN the mórning arrivèd on which we were to entertàin our young lándlord, it may be éasily suppòsed what provisions were exhàusted to make an appèarance. It may also be conjéctured that my wife and daughters expànded their gayest plùmage upon this óccasion. Mr. Thòrnhill came with a cóuple of friends, his cháplain and fèeder. The sérvants, who were númerous, he polítely ordered to the next àle-house; but my wife, in the triùmph of her héart, insísted on entertàining them àll; for which, by the bÿe, our fámily was pínched for three wèeks áfter. As Mr. Burchell had hínted to us the day befóre, that he was màking some propòsals of márriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's fórmér místress, this a good dèal dampèd the héartiness of his recéption: but áccident, in some mèasure, relieved our embárrasment; for one of the cómpány háppening to méntion her nàme, Mr. Thòrnhill óbserved with an óath, that he never knew any thing mòre ábsurd than càlling such a fríght a bèauty:

beauty: 'Fór strike me ugly,' continued he, 'if I should not find as much pléasure in chòosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clóck at St. Dúnstan's.' At this he laughed, and so did wè: — the jests of the rich are ever succéssful. 'Olivia tòo could not avòid whíspering, loud enòugh to be héard, that he had an infinite fúnd of hùmour.

'After dinner, I began with my ùsual tòast, the Chùrch; for this I was thánked by the cháplain, as he said the chùrch was the only mistress of his afféctions. — 'Còme tell us 'hónestly, Frank,' said the 'Squire, with his ùsual àrchness, 'suppòse the church, your 'présent mistress, drest in làwn sleeves, on one 'hánd, and Miss Sophia, with no làwn abòut 'her, on the óther, which would you bè for?' 'For bòth, to be sùre,' cried the cháplain. — 'Right Frank,' cried the 'Squire; 'fór may 'this glàs suffocate me but a fine girl is worth 'all the priestcraft in the crèation. For what 'are tythes and tricks but an imposition, all a 'confoùnded impòsture, and I can pròve it.' — 'I wish you wòuld,' cried my son Mòses, 'and 'I think,' continued he, 'that I should be àble 'to ánsver you.' — 'Véry well, Sir,' cried the 'Squire, who immèdiately smòked him, and winked on the rést of the còmpany, to préparè us for the spòrt, 'if you àre for a cool 'àrgument upon that sùbject, I am réady to
' accépt

‘accept the challenge. And first, whether are
‘you for managing it analógically, or dialógi-
‘cally?’ ‘I am for managing it rationally,’
cried Mòses, quite happy at being permitted to
dispute. ‘Good again,’ cried the ‘Squire, ‘and
‘firstly, of the first. I hope you’ll not deny
‘that whatever is, is. If you don’t grant me that,
‘I can go no further.’ — ‘Why,’ returned
‘Mòses, ‘I think I may grant that, and make
‘the best of it.’ — ‘I hope too,’ returned the
óther, ‘you’ll grant that a part is less than the
‘whole.’ I grant that too,’ cried Mòses, ‘it
‘is but just and reasonable.’ — ‘I hope,’
cried the ‘Squire, ‘you will not deny, that
three ‘the ~~two~~ angles of a triangle are equal to two
‘right ones.’ — ‘Nothing can be plainer,’
returned t’óther, and looked round with his
usual importance. — ‘Very well,’ cried the
‘Squire; speaking very quick, the premises
‘being thus settled, I proceed to observe, that
‘the concatenation of self existences, proceeding
‘in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally pro-
‘duce a problematical dialogism, which in some
‘measure proves that the essence of spirituality
‘may be referred to the second predicable.’ —
‘Hold, hold,’ cried the óther, ‘I deny that:
‘Do you think I can thus tamely submit to such
‘heterodox doctrines?’ — ‘What,’ replied the
‘Squire, as if in a passion, ‘not submit! Answer
me

‘ me óne plain quéstion : Do you think ‘Aristotle
 ‘ right when he sàys, that relatives are relàted?’
 ‘ Undoubtèdly,’ replièd the óther. ‘ If so thén,’
 cried the ‘Squire, ‘ ánsfwer me diréctly to what
 ‘ I propòse : Whether do you júdge the analyti-
 ‘ cal investigàtion of the fírst part of my énthy-
 ‘ mem defícient secundum quoád, or quoad mì-
 ‘ nus, and gíve me your réasons : gíve me your
 ‘ réasons : I sày, diréctly.’ — ‘ I protést,’ crièd
 Mòses, ‘ I don’t rightly compréhènd the fòrce
 ‘ of your réasoning ; but if it be redùced to one
 ‘ simple propòsition, I fáncy it may thén have
 ‘ an ánsfwer.’ — ‘ O, Sir,’ crièd the ‘Squire,
 ‘ I am your mòst humble fèrvant, I fínd you
 ‘ wánt me to fúrnish you with árgument and
 ‘ intellects tòo. Nò, Sir, there I protést you
 ‘ are too hàrd for mè.’ This efféctually ràised
 the làugh agàinst poor Mòses, who sate the only
 dísmal fígue in a gròupe of mérry faces : nor
 did he óffer a síngle syllable mòre dùring the
 whole entertàinment.

But though àll this gave me no pléasure,
 it had a very dífferent efféct upon ‘Olivia, who
 mìstòok it for hùmour, though but a mère act
 of the mémory. She thòught him thérefore a
 véry fine géntleman ; and such as considér what
 pòwerful ingrédients a good fígue, fine clòaths,
 and fòrtune, are in that cháràcter, will easily
 forgíve her. Mr. Thòrnhill, notwithstanding
 his

his réal ignorance, tálked with éase, and could expátiate upon the cómmon topics of conversàtion with flùency. It is not surprìsing then that such tálents shòuld win the afféctions of a gírl, who by educàtion was taught to válué an ap-
pèarance in hêrself, and cónsequently to set a válué upón it in anóther.

Upon his depár^{tu}re, we again éntered in-
to a débàte upon the mérits of our young lánd-
lord. As he dirécted hís lóoks and conversàtion
to Olivia, it was no longer dóubted but that
she was the óbject that indùced him to be our
vísitor. Nor did she sèem to be much displèa-
fed at the innocent ràillery of her brother and
sístér upon this occàsion. Even Deborah her-
self sèemed to shàre the glòry of the dày, and
exúlted in her daughtèr's víctory as if it wêre
her ówn. ‘ And now, my dear,’ cried she
to me, ‘ I’ll fairly òwn, that it was I that
‘ instrúcted my girls to encóurage our landlòrd’s
‘ addrésses. I had àlways some ámbition, and
‘ you now sèe that I was ríght; fór who
‘ knows how this may énd?’ ‘ Ay, who
‘ knows that indèed,’ áns^{we}red I, with a gròan:
‘ for my part I don’t much líke it; and I could
‘ have been better plèased with one that was
‘ pòor and hónest, than this fíne gentleman
‘ with his fórtune and infidélity; for depend
‘ on’t,

‘ on’t, if he be what I suspect him, no free-
‘ thinker shall ever have a child of mine.’

‘ Sure, father,’ cried Moses, ‘ you are
‘ too severe in this; for heaven will never ar-
‘ raign him for what he thinks, but for what
‘ he does. Every man has a thousand vicious
‘ thoughts, which arise without his power to
‘ suppress. Thinking freely of religion may
‘ be involuntary with this gentleman: so that
‘ allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet as
‘ he is purely passive in his assent, he is no
‘ more to be blamed for his errors than the go-
‘ vernor of a city without walls for the shelter
‘ he is obliged to afford an invading enemy.’

‘ True, my son,’ cried I; ‘ but if the
‘ governor invites the enemy there, he is justly
‘ culpable. And such is always the case with
‘ those who embrace error. The vice does
‘ not lie in assenting to the proofs they see;
‘ but in being blind to many of the proofs that
‘ offer. So that, though our erroneous opi-
‘ nions be involuntary when formed, yet as
‘ we have been wilfully corrupt, or very né-
‘ gligent in forming them, we deserve pu-
‘ nishment for our vice, or contempt for our
‘ folly.’

My wife now kept up the conversation,
though not the argument: she observed, that
several very prudent men of our acquaintance
were

were frèe-thinkers, and made very good húsbands; and she knew some fénfible girls that had fkill enough to màke cónverts of their spòuses: ‘And who knows, my dèar,’ continued she, ‘what Olivia may be àble to dò. The girl has a great dèal to fay upon every fúbject, and to my knówlege is very well fkillèd in contróverfy.’

‘Why, my dèar, what contróverfy can she have réad?’ cried I. ‘It dòes not occúr to me that I ever put fuch bòoks into her hánds: you certainly over-ràte her mérit.’ ‘Indèed, páppa,’ replièd Olivia, ‘she dòes not: I have réad a great dèal of contróverfy. I have réad the difputes betwèen Thwáckum and Squáre; the contróverfy betwèen Róbinfon Crufoe and Friday the fávage, and I am now emplòyed in rèading the contróverfy in Relígious cóurtfhip.’ — ‘Very well,’ cried I, ‘that’s a gòod girl, I find you are pèrfectly qualifièd for making cónverts, and fo gò help your mother to make the gòoseberry-pye.’

CHAP. VIII.

An amour, which promises little good fortune, yet may be productive of much.

THE next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell, though I began for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuse him my company and fire-side. It is true his labour more than requited his entertainment; for he wrought among us with vigour, and either in the meadow or at the hay-rick put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say that lessened our toil, and was at once so out of the way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter: he would, in a jesting manner, call her his little mistress, and when he bought each of the girls a set of ribbands, hers was the finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr.

D

Bur-

Burchell gave cheerfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction two blackbirds answered each other from opposite hedges, the familiar redbreast came and pecked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquillity. ‘I never sit thus,’ says Sophia, ‘but I think of the two lovers, so sweetly described by Mr. Gay, who were struck dead in each other’s arms. There is something so pathetic in the description, that I have read it an hundred times with new rapture.’ — ‘In my opinion,’ cried my son, ‘the finest strokes in that description are much below those in the ‘Acis and Galatea of ‘Ovid. The Roman poet understands the use of *contrast* better, and upon that figure artfully managed all strength in the pathetic depends.’ — ‘It is remarkable,’ cried Mr. Burchell, ‘that both the poets you mention have equally contributed to introduce a false taste into their respective countries, by loading all their lines with epithet. Men of little genius found them most easily imitatedⁱⁿ their defects, and English poetry, like that in the latter empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connexion; a string of epithets that improve the sound, without carrying on the sense. But perhaps, Madam, while I thus reprehend others,

‘ others, you’ll think it júst that I fshould gíve
 ‘ them an opportùnity to retáliate, and indèed
 ‘ I have màde this remárk only to have an op-
 ‘ portùnity of introdùcing to the cómpany a
 ‘ bállad, which, whatever bè its other defécts,
 ‘ is I think at lèast free from thòse I have mén-
 ‘ tioned.’

A B ‘A L L A D.

‘ **T**URN, gentle hérmit of the dàle,
 ‘ And guìde my lonely wáy,
 ‘ To where yon tàper cheers the v àle,
 ‘ With hospit áble rày.

‘ For hère, forlorn and lóft I tréad,
 ‘ With f àinting steps and flòw;
 ‘ Where wìlds imméasurably spréad,
 ‘ Seem lénghthening as I gò.’

‘ Forbèar, my son,’ the hérmit crìes,
 ‘ To tempt the d ángerous glòom;
 ‘ For yonder f àithless phantom flìes
 ‘ To lùre thee to thy dòom.

‘ Here to the hòuseless chìld of w ánt,
 ‘ My door is òpen stíll;
 ‘ And tho’ my p órtion is but sc ánt,
 ‘ I gíve it with good wíll.

‘ Then turn to night, and freely shàre
 ‘ Whate’èr my cell bestòws;
 ‘ My russhy còuch, and frùgal fàre,
 ‘ My blessing and repòse.

‘ No flócks that range the valley frée,
 ‘ To slaughter I condémn:
 ‘ Taught by that pòwer that píties me,
 ‘ I lèarn to pity thém.

‘ But from the moùntain’s grassy síde,
 ‘ A guileless fèast I bríng;
 ‘ A scrip with herbs and frùits supplý’d.
 ‘ And wàter from the spríng.

‘ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy càres foregò;
 ‘ All éarth-born cares are wróng:
 ‘ Man wants but little here belòw,
 ‘ Nor wants that líttle lóng.’

Soft as the deù from héav’n descénds,
 His gentle áccents fell:
 The módest stranger lówly bends,
 And fóllovs to the cèll.

Far in a wíldernefs obscùre
 The lonely mánfion lày,
 A réfuge to the nèighbouring pòor
 And strángers led astrày.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care;
 The wicket opening with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gayly prest, and smil'd,
 And skill'd in legendary lore,
 The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries,
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To sooth the stranger's woe;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
 With answering care oppress'd:
 'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,
 'The sorrows of thy breast?

' From better habitations spurn'd,
 ' Reluctant dost thou rove;
 ' Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 ' Or unregarded love?

' 'Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
 ' Are trifling and decay;
 ' And those who prize the paltry things,
 ' More trifling still than they.

' And what is friendship but a name,
 ' A charm that lulls to sleep;
 ' A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 ' But leaves the wretch to weep?

' And love is still an emptier sound,
 ' The modern fair one's jest,
 ' On earth unseen, or only found
 ' To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 ' And spurn the sex,' he said:
 But, while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd he sees new beauties rise
 Swift mantling to the view,
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms,
 The lovely stranger stands confess
 A maid in all her charms.

‘ And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
 ‘ A wretch forlorn,’ she cry’d,
 ‘ Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
 ‘ Where heaven and you reside.

‘ But let a maid thy pity share,
 ‘ Whom love has taught to stray;
 ‘ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 ‘ Companion of her way.

‘ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
 ‘ A wealthy lord was he;
 ‘ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
 ‘ He had but only me.

‘ To win me from his tender arms,
 ‘ Unnumber’d suitors came;
 ‘ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
 ‘ And felt or feign’d a flame.

‘ Each hour a mercenary crowd
 ‘ With richest proffers strove:
 ‘ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
 ‘ But never talk’d of love.

‘ In humble simplest hábit clad,
‘ No wéalth nor pówer had hè;
‘ Wísdóm and wóρθ were all he hád,
‘ But these were àll to mè.

‘ The blóssóm ópening to the dày
‘ The dèws of heaven refín’d,
‘ Could nought of pùrity dísplày,
‘ To émulate his mìnđ.

‘ The dèw, the blóssóm on the trée,
‘ With chàrms incónstant fhíne;
‘ Their chàrms were híς, but woe to mè,
‘ Their cónstancy was míne.

‘ Fòr still I trý’d each fíckle árt,
‘ Impórtunate and vàin;
‘ And while his pássíon touch’d my héart,
‘ I tríumph’d in his páin.

‘ Till quíte dejected with my scórn,
‘ He léft me to my prídē;
‘ And fòught a sólitude forlórñ,
‘ In fécrét where he díed.

‘ But míne the sórrów, míne the fàult,
‘ And well my lífe sháll pày,
‘ I’ll sèek the sólitude he fòught,
‘ And strétch me where he láy. —

‘ And

- ‘ And there forlorn despairing hid,
 ‘ I’ll lay me down and die:
 ‘ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 ‘ And so for him will I.’
- ‘ Forbid it, heaven!’ the hermit cry’d,
 And clasp’d her to his breast:
 The wondering fair one turn’d to chide,
 ’Twas Edwin’s self that prest,
- ‘ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 ‘ My charmer, turn to see,
 ‘ Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
 ‘ Restor’d to love and thee.
- ‘ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 ‘ And ev’ry care resign;
 ‘ And shall we never, never part,
 ‘ My life, — my all that’s mine?
- ‘ Nò, never, from this hour to part,
 ‘ We’ll live and love so true;
 ‘ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 ‘ Shall break thy Edwin’s too.’

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to mix an air of tenderness with her approbation. But our tranquillity was soon disturbed by the report of a gun just by us, and immediately after a man was seen bursting through the hedge, to take up the game he had

killed. This sportsman was the 'Squire's chaplain, who had shot one of the blackbirds that so agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters; and I could perceive that Sophia in the fright had thrown herself into Mr. Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He therefore sat down by my youngest daughter, and sportsman like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse, but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct the mistake, and accept his present, though with some reluctance. My wife, as usual, discovered her pride in a whisper, observing, that Sophy had made a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the 'Squire. I suspected, however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr. Thornhill had provided music and refreshments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moon light, on the grass-plot before our door. 'Nor can I deny,' continued he, 'but I have an interest in being first to deliver this message, as I expect for my reward to be honoured with Miss Sophy's hand as a partner.' To this my girl replied, that she should have

no

no objection, if she could do it with honour: 'But here,' continued she, 'is a gentleman,' looking at Mr. Burchell, 'who has been my companion in the task for the day, and it is fit he should share in its amusements.' Mr. Burchell returned her a compliment for her intentions; but resigned her up to the chaplain, adding that he was to go that night five miles, being invited to an harvest supper. His refusal appeared to me a little extraordinary, nor could I conceive how so sensible a girl as my youngest, could thus prefer a man of broken fortunes to one whose expectations were much greater. But as men are most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgments of us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection.

CHAP. IX.

*Two ladies of great distinction introduced,
Superior finery ever seems to confer
superior breeding*

MR. Burchell had scarce taken leave, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us, that the 'Squire was come, with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord, with a couple of under gentlemen and two young ladies richly dressed, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap. This I positively objected to, notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife. Moses was therefore dispatched to borrow a couple of chairs; and as we were in want of ladies to make up a set at country dances, the two gentlemen went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's rosy daughters, flaunting with red top-knots, but

but an unlucky circumstance was not adverted to; though the Miss Flamboroughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig, and the round-about to perfection; yet they were totally unacquainted with country dances. This at first discomposed us: however, after a little shoving and dragging, they at last went merrily on. Our music consisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright, Mr. Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the spectators; for the neighbours hearing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart, by assuring me, that though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked; but all would not do: the gazers indeed owned that it was fine; but neighbour Flamborough observed, that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. 'One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this occasion in a
very

very coarse manner, when she observed, that by the *living jingo*, *she was all of a muck of sweat*. Upon our return to the house, we found a very elegant cold supper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him. The conversation at this time, was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade; for they would talk of nothing but high life, and high lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses. 'Tis true they once or twice mortified us sensibly by flipping out an oath; but that appeared to me as the surest symptom of their distinction, (though I am since informed that swearing is perfectly unfashionable.) Their finery, however, threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy; and what appeared amiss was ascribed to tip-top quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed, that had Miss Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added, that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly assented to both; adding, that there was nothing she more ardently

ardently wished than to give her girls a single winter's polishing. To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no right to possess. — 'And what pleasures,' cried Mr. Thornhill, 'do they not deserve to possess, who have so much in their power to bestow? As for my part,' continued he, 'my fortune is pretty large; love, liberty, and pleasure, are my maxims; but curse me if a settlement of half my estate could give my charming Olivia pleasure, it should be hers; and the only favour I would ask in return would be to add myself to the benefit.' I was not such a stranger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable cant to disguise the insolence of the basest proposal; but I made an effort to suppress my resentment. 'Sir,' cried I, 'the family which you now condescend to favour with your company, has been bred with as nice a sense of honour as you. Any attempts to injure that, may be attended with very dangerous consequences. Honour, Sir, is our only possession at present, and of that last treasure we must be particularly careful.' — I was soon sorry for the warmth with which I had spoken this, when

when the young gentleman, grasping my hand, swore he commended my spirit, though he disapproved my suspicions. ‘As to your present hint,’ continued he, ‘I protest nothing was farther from my heart than such a thought. No, by all that’s tempting, the virtue that will stand a regular siege was never to my taste; for all my amours are carried by a coup de main.’

The two ladies, who affected to be ignorant of the rest, seemed highly displeased with this last stroke of freedom, and began a very discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue: in this my wife, the chaplain, and I, soon joined; and the Squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked of the pleasures of temperance, and of the sun-shine in the mind unpolled with guilt. I was so well pleased, that my little ones were kept up beyond the usual time to be edified by so much good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal, and in this manner the night was passed in a most comfortable way, till at last the company began to think of returning. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part with my daughters; for whom they had conceived a particular affection,
and

and joined in a request to have the pleasure of their company home. The 'Squire seconded the proposal, and my wife added her entreaties: the girls too looked upon me as if they wished to go. In this perplexity I made two or three excuses, which my daughters as readily removed; so that at last I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal: for which we had nothing but sullen looks and short answers the whole day ensuing.

CHAP. X.

The family endéavours to còpe with their bétters. The míseries of the pòor, when they attétempt to appèar above their cìrcumstances.

I Now bégan to find that all my long and painful lécures upon témperance, simplicity, and contèntment, were entìrely disregàrded. The distínctions làtely paid us by our bétters awàked that pride which I had laid aslèep, but not remòved. Our wíndows again, as fòrmerly, were filled with wáshes for the neck and fàce. The sun was dréaded as an énemy to the skín withòut doors, and the fire as a spòiler of the compléxion withín. My wífe óbserved, that rìsing too èarly would húrt her daughter's èyes, that working after dínner would redden their nòses, and she convínced me that the hands néver looked so whíte as when they did nóthing. Instèad therefore of fínishing George's shírts, we nòw had them new módelling their òld gauzes, or flòurishing upon cátgut. The poor Miss Flámboroughs, their fòrmer gay compánions, were cást off as mean acquàintance, and the whole conversàtion ran upon hìgh life and

and high lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespearè, and the mùsical glassses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fòrtune-telling gypsey come to raise us into pèrfect sublimity. The tàwny f'ybil no sooner appeared, than my girls came rùnnìng to mè for a shilling a piece to cross her hánd with silver. To say the trùth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifyìng their requèst, becàuse I loved to see them háppy. I gave èach of them a shilling; thòugh, for the honour of the fámily, it must be obsèrved, that they never went without money thémselfes, as my wife àlways génerously let them have a guinea èach, to kèep in their póckets; but with strict injúnctions never to chànge it. After they had bèn clóseted up with the fòrtune-teller for some tìme, I knèw by their lóoks, upon their retúrning, that they had been prómised something grèat. — ‘ Well, my
‘ girls, hòw have you spéd? Téll me, Livy,
‘ has the fòrtune-teller gíven thee a penny-
‘ wórt?’ — ‘ I protést, pappà,’ says the
girl, ‘ I believe she dèals with sòme body
‘ that’s not rìght; for she pósitively declàred,
‘ that I am to be marrìed to a ‘Squire in less
‘ than a twèlvemonth?’ — ‘ Well, now Só-
‘ phy, my child,’ said ‘I, ‘ and what fòrt of
‘ a hùsband are you to hàve?’ ‘ Sir,’ replied
E 2 she,

she, 'I am to have a Lòrd soon after my sístèr
' has married the 'Squire.' — 'How,' cried
I, 'is that àll you are to have for your two
' shillings! Only a Lòrd and a 'Squire for two
' shillings! You fòols, I could have prómised
' you a Prince and a Nábob for half the móney.'

This curiófity of theirs, howéver, was
attended with very sèrious effécts: we now
began to think ourselves designed by the stars
to something exàlted, and already ánticipated
our fùture grandèur.

It has been a thousand times observed,
and I must observe it once mòre, that the hòurs
we pass with happy próspects in vièw, are more
plèasing than those cròwned with frùition. In
the first case we còok the dish to our own áp-
petite; in the latter náture còoks it for ús. It
is impóssible to repèat the train of agrèeable
reveries we càlled up for our entertàinment.
We lóoked upon our fòrtunes as once more rì-
sing; and as the whole pàrish asserted that the
'Squire was in lòve with my dàughter, she
was áctually so with him; for they perswàded
her into the pàssion. In this agreable ínterval,
my wife had the most lúcky drèams in the
wórd, which she took càre to tell us every
mòrning, with great solémnity and exáctness.
It was one night a coffin and cross bones, the
sign of an appròaching wèdding: at another
time

time she imagined her daughter's pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign of their being shortly stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens. They felt strange kisses on their lips; they saw rings in the candle, purses bounced from the fire, and true love-knots lurked in the bottom of every tea-cup.

Towards the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendor the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea when I seemed in spirits, she began thus. — ‘I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow.’ — ‘Perhaps we may, my dear,’ returned I; ‘though you need be under no uneasiness about that, you shall have a sermon whether there be or not.’ — ‘That is what I expect,’ returned she; ‘but I think, my

‘dèar, we ought to appèar there as décently
‘as pòssible, for who knòws what may háp-
‘pen?’ ‘Your præcàutions,’ replièd I, ‘are
‘highly comméndable. A décent behàviour
‘and appèarance in church is what chàrms me.
‘We shòuld be devoùt, and húmble, chèarful
‘and ferène.’ — ‘Yes,’ cried she, ‘I knòw
‘that; but I mèan we shòuld gò there in as
‘próper a mánner as pòssible; not altogéther
‘like the scrubs abòut us.’ You are quite rìght,
‘my dèar,’ retúrned I, ‘and I was gòing to
‘màke the very same propòsal. The próper
‘manner of gòing is, to go there as éarly as
‘pòssible, to have tìme for meditàtion befòre
‘the fèrvíce begìns.’ — ‘Phoo, Chàrles,’
interrúpted she, ‘all that is very trùe; but
‘not what I wòuld be át. I mèan, we shòuld
‘gò there gentèelly. You know the church is
‘twò miles óff, and I protést I don’t like to
‘fèe my daughters trúdgìng up to their peù
‘all blowzed and red with wàlking, and lóoking
‘for all the world as if they had been winners
‘at a smóck race. Nòw, my dèar, my pro-
‘pòsal is this: there are our twò plòw hórses,
‘the Còlt that has been in our fámily these
‘nìne years, and his compánion Bláckberry,
‘that has scàrce done an éarthly thing for this
‘month pást. They are both gròwn fat and
‘lázy. Why shòuld not they dò something
‘as

‘ as well as wè? And let me téll you, when
‘ Móses has trimmed them a líttle, they will
‘ cúť a very tólerable fígure.’

To this propòsal I objécted, that wàlk-
ing would be twenty times more gentèel than
such a pàltry convèyance, as Bláckberry was
wàll-eyed, and the Còlt wanted a tàil: that
they had never been bròke to the rèin; but
had an húndred vícious tríccks; and that we had
but óne sáddle and píllion in the whòle hòuse.
All these objéctions, howéver, were over-rùled;
so that I was oblígèd to complý. The next
mòrning I percèived them not a líttle búsy in
collécting such matèrials as might be necéssary
for the expédítion; but as I fòund it would be
a búsinèss of tíme, I wàlked on to the church
befòre, and they prómised speedily to fólloiw.
I wàited near an hòur in the rèading desk for
their arríval, but not fínding them come as ex-
pécted, I was oblígèd to begín, and went
througħ the sèrvice, not withòut some un-
easínèss at fínding them ábsent. This was
encreásed when all was fínished, and no
appèarance of the fámily. I thèrefore wàlked
back by the hòrse-way, which was fíve miles
round, though the fòot-way was but twò,
and when got abòut half wáy hòme, perceived
the procéssion marching flòwly fòrward tówards
the chùrch; my sòn, my wífe, and the twò

little ones exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving every thing false, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

CHAP. XI.

The fá mily still resólve to hold úp their héads.

M'Ichaelmas eve háppening on the next dà y, we were invìted to burn nuts and play tríks at neighbour Flámborough's. Our làte mortificàtions had húmbled us a líttle, or it is próbable we might have rejécted fuch an invitation with contémt: Howéver, we suffered ourféives to be háppy. Our hónest neighbour's gòose and dúmplings were fíne, and the lámb's-wool, even in the opínion of my wife, who was a cónnoisseur, was éxcellent. It is trùe, his mánner of telling stòries was not quíte so wéll. They were very lóng, and very dúll, and àll about himfélf, and we had làughed at them ten tímes befóre; howéver, we were kìnd enough to làugh at them once mòre.

Mr. Búrchell, who was of the párt y, was àlways fond of féeing some innócent amùsement going fòrward, and fet the bòys and girls to blind man's buff. My wife tòo was persüaded to join in the divérsion, and it gave me plèasure to think she was not yet too òld. In the mèan time, my neighbour and I looked ón, làughed at every féat, and pràised our own dextérité

when we were yòung. Hot cóckles succèded next, quéstions and commánds fóllowed that, and last of àll, they fate down to hunt the flípper. As every pèrson may not be acquàinted with this primàeval pàstime, it may be necéssary to obfèrve, that the cómpany at this plày plant themfélves in a ríng upon the gròund, àll, except óne who stands in the míddle, whòse business it is to catch a fhòe, which the cómpany shove abòut under their hámms from óne to anóther, something like a wèaver's shuttle. As it is impóssible, in this càse, for the làdy who is úp to face all the cómpany at ónce, the grèat beauty of the plày lies in hítting her a thúmp with the hèel of the fhòe on that side lèast càpable of making a deféncè. It was in this mánner that my eldest dàughter was hemmed ín, and thúmped abòut, all blòwzed, ín spírits, and bàwling for fàir play, fàir play, with a vóice that might déafen a bállad singer, when confúsiòn on confúsiòn, who shòuld énter the ròom but our twò great acquàintances from tòwn, Làdy Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skéggs! Description wòuld but béggar, thèrefore it is unnecéssary to describè this new mortificàtion. Déath! To be fèen by làdies of such high brèeding in such vúlgar átitudes! Nóthing better could ensùe from such a vúlgar play of Mr. Flamborough's propósing. We

We seemed stuck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, 'we were thrown from our horses.' At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad: but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skéggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies, and Knights
of

of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the présent conversation.

‘All that I know of the matter,’ cried Miss Skéggs, ‘is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true: but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze; his Lordship turned all manner of colours, my Lady fell into a found; but Sir Tómkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood.’

‘Well,’ replied our pèerefs, ‘this I can say, that the Dúchefs never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secrèt from me. This you may depend upon as fact, that the next morning my Lord Dúke cried out three times to his valet de chambre, Jèrnigan, Jèrnigan, Jèrnigan, bring me my garters.’

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Búrchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out *fudge*, an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

‘Besides, my dear Skeggs,’ continued our Pèerefs, ‘there is nothing of this in the copy

‘ copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon
‘ the occasion.’ *Fudge!*

‘ I am surprised at that,’ cried Miss
Skéggs; ‘ for he seldom leaves any thing out,
‘ as he writes only for his own amusement.
‘ But can your Ladyship favour me with a
‘ sight of them?’ *Fudge!*

‘ My dear creature,’ replied our Pères,
‘ do you think I carry such things about me?
‘ Though they are very fine to be sure, and I
‘ think myself something of a judge; at least I
‘ know what pleases myself. Indeed I was
‘ ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock’s little
‘ pieces; for except what he does, and our
‘ dear Countess at Hanover-Square, there’s no-
‘ thing comes out but the most lowest stuff in
‘ nature; not a bit of high life among them.’
Fudge!

‘ Your Ladyship should except,’ says
t’other, ‘ your own things in the Lady’s
‘ Magazine. I hope you’ll say there’s nothing
‘ low lived there? But I suppose we are to
‘ have no more from that quarter?’ *Fudge!*

‘ Why, my dear,’ says the Lady, ‘ you
‘ know my reader and companion has left me
‘ to be married to Captain Roach, and as my
‘ poor eyes won’t suffer me to write myself, I
‘ have been for some time looking out for
‘ another. A proper person is no easy matter
‘ to

‘ to find, and to be sure thirty pounds a year
‘ is a small stipend for a well bred girl of character,
‘ racter, that can read, write, and behave in
‘ company; as for the chits about town, there
‘ is no bearing them about one,’ *Fudge!*

‘ That I know,’ cried Miss Skéggs, by
‘ experience. For of the three companions I
‘ had this last half year, one of them refused
‘ to do plain-work an hour in the day, another
‘ thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a
‘ salary, and I was obliged to send away the
‘ third, because I suspected an intrigue with the
‘ chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blárney,
‘ virtue is worth any price; but where is that
‘ to be found?’ *Fudge!*

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse; but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money, all which was in a manner going a begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should

‘ I should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. ‘ I hope,’ cried she, ‘ your Ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favours; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say my two girls have had a pretty good education, and capacity, at least the country can’t shew better. They can read, write, and cast accounts; they understand their needle, bread-stitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain-work; they can pink, point, and frill; and know something of music; they can do up small cloaths, work upon catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards.’ *Fudge!*

When she had delivered this pretty piece of éloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skéggs condescended to observe, that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments: ‘ But a thing of this kind, Madam,’ cried she, addressing my spouse, requires a
tho-

‘ thorough examinàtion into cháracters, and a
 ‘ more pérfect knowlédge of each óther. Not,
 ‘ Mádam,’ continued she, ‘ that I in the lèast
 ‘ suspéct the young ladies vírtue, prúdençe and
 ‘ discrétion; but there is a fòrm in these thíngs,
 ‘ Madam, there is a fòrm.’

My wife appròved her suspícions very
 mûch, obsérving that she was very ápt to
 be suspícious herself; but réferréd her to all the
 nèighbours for a cháracter: but this our Pèerefs
 declíned as unnecéssary, allédging that our
 cóusin Thornhill’s recommendàtion would be
 suffícient, and upon this we résted our pétition.

CHAP. XII.

Fortune seems resolved to humble the family of Wakefield. Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.

WHEN we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the 'Squire's recommendation; but he had already shewn us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme: 'Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it.' — 'Pretty well,' cried I, not knowing what to say. — 'What only pretty well!' returned she. 'I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen

F

every

‘ every dáy: and as lādies of quálity are so
‘ taken with my dàughters, what will not men
‘ of quálity bè! Entre nous, I protest I like
‘ my Làdy Blarney vástly, so very obliging.
‘ Howéver, Miss Carolina Wilelmína Skéggs
‘ has my wárm héart. But yet, when they
‘ càme to tàlk of places in tòwn, you saw at
‘ ónce how I náiled them. Tell me my dèar,
‘ don’t you thínk I did for my children
‘ there?’ — ‘Ay,’ retúrned I, not knówing
‘ well what to think of the mátter, ‘heaven
‘ gránt they may be both the bétter for ít this
‘ dáy three mónth!’ This was one of thòse
‘ observàtions I ùsually made to imprés my wife
‘ with an opínion of my sagácity; for if the
‘ girls succèd, then it was a pious wish fulfilled;
‘ but if any thing unfórtunate ensùed, then it
‘ might be lóoked upon as a próphecy. All this
‘ conversàtion, howéver, was only preparàtory
‘ to another schème, and indèed I dréaded as
‘ múch. This was nóthing less than, that as we
‘ were nòw to hold úp our heads a little higher
‘ in the wórld, it would be próper to sell the
‘ Còlt, which was grówn òld, at a neighbouring
‘ fàir, and buy us an hòrse that would cárry single
‘ or dòuble upon an occàsion, and make a prétty
‘ appèarance at chúrch or upon a vísit. This at
‘ fírst I oppòsed stòutly; but it was as stòutly
‘ defènded. Howéver, as I wèakened, my an-
‘ tágo-

tagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. 'No, my dear,' said she, 'our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain.'

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the Colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the

dòor, bàwling after him good lúck, good lúck, till we could fèe him no lónger.

He was scarce góne, when Mr. Thórnhill's butler came to congrátulate us upon our good fórtune, fàying, that he overhéard his young master méntion our nàmes with great comméndation.

Good fórtune fèemed refólved not to come alòne. Anóther fóotman from the same fámily fólloved, with a càrd for my dàughters, impòrting, that the two làdies had recèived such pleasing accòunts from Mr. Thórnhill of us àll, that, after a fèw prévious enquiries, théy hoped to be pérfectly fátisfied. 'Ay,' cried my wife, 'I now fèe it is no easy mátter to
' get into the fámilies of the grèat; but when
' one once gets in, then, as Mofes fàys, one
' may go flèep.' To this pièce of hùmour, for fhe inténded it for wít, my dàughters af-
fènted with a loud làugh of pléasure. In fhórt, such was her fatisfáction at this méffage, that fhe áctually put her hand in her pócket, and gave the méffenger fèven-pence hàlfpenny.

This was to bè our vífiting-day. The next that came was Mr. Búrchell, who had been at the fàir. He bròught my little ones a pennyworth of gíngerbread èach, which my wife undertòok to keep for thém, and give them by létters at a time. He brought my
dàugh-

daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed, that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. — This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. ‘I never doubted, Sir,’ cried she, ‘your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves.’ — ‘Whatever my own conduct may have been, Madam,’ replied he, ‘is not the present question; though as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will.’ — As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair,

as it was now almost nightfall.— ‘Never
 ‘ mind our sòn,’ cried my wife, ‘ depend upon
 ‘ it he knows what he is about. I’ll warrant
 ‘ we’ll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day.
 ‘ I have seen him buy such bargains as would
 ‘ amaze one. I’ll tell you a good story about
 ‘ that, that will make you split your sides with
 ‘ laughing — But as I live, yonder comes
 ‘ Moses, without an horse, and the box at his
 ‘ back.’

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on
 foot, and sweating under the deal box, which
 he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. —
 ‘ Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy,
 ‘ what have you brought us from the fair?’ —
 ‘ I have brought you myself,’ cried Moses, with
 a fly look, and resting the box on the dresser —
 ‘ Ay, Moses,’ cried my wife, ‘ that we know,
 ‘ but where is the horse?’ ‘ I have sold him,’
 cried Moses, ‘ for three pounds five shillings
 and twopence.’ — ‘ Well done, my good boy,’
 returned she, ‘ I knew you would touch them
 ‘ off. Between ourselves, three pounds five
 ‘ shillings and two-pence is no bad day’s work.
 ‘ Come, let us have it then,’ — ‘ I have
 ‘ brought back no money,’ cried Moses again.
 ‘ I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it
 ‘ is,’ pulling out a bundle from his breast:
 ‘ here they are; a groce of green spectacles,
 with

‘ with silver rims and shagreen cases.’ — ‘ A
 ‘ groce of green spectacles!’ repeated my wife
 in a faint voice. ‘ And you have parted with
 ‘ the Colt, and brought us back nothing but a
 ‘ groce of green paltry spectacles!’ — ‘ Dear
 ‘ mother,’ cried the boy, ‘ why won’t you
 ‘ listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain,
 ‘ or I should not have bought them. The silver
 ‘ rims alone will sell for double the money.’ —
 ‘ A fig for the silver rims,’ cried my wife, in
 a passion: ‘ I dare swear they won’t sell for
 ‘ above half the money at the rate of broken
 ‘ silver, five shillings an ounce,’ — You
 ‘ need be under no uneasiness,’ cried I, ‘ about
 ‘ selling the rims; for they are not worth six-
 ‘ pence, for I perceive they are only copper
 ‘ varnished over.’ — ‘ What,’ cried my wife,
 ‘ not silver, the rims not silver!’ ‘ No,’ cried
 I, ‘ no more silver than your sauce-pan.’ —
 ‘ And so,’ returned she, ‘ we have parted with
 ‘ the Colt, and have only got a groce of green
 ‘ spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen
 ‘ cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The
 ‘ blockhead has been imposed upon, and should
 ‘ have known his company better.’ — ‘ There,
 ‘ my dear,’ cried I, ‘ you are wrong, he
 ‘ should not have known them at all.’ —
 ‘ Marry, hang the idiot,’ returned she, to
 ‘ bring me such stuff, if I had them, I would

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‘ throw them in the fire.’ ‘ There again you
‘ are wrong, my dear,’ cried I; ‘ for though
‘ they be copper, we will keep them by us,
‘ as copper spectacles, you know, are better
‘ than nothing.’

By this time the unfortunate Moses was
undecieved. He now saw that he had indeed
been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who,
observing his figure, had marked him for an
easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances
of his deception. He told the horse, it seems,
and walked the fair in search of another. A *man*
réverend looking man brought him to a tent, *laugh*
under pretence of having one to sell. ‘ Here,’
continued Moses, ‘ we met another man, very
‘ well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty
‘ pounds upon these, saying, that he wanted
‘ money and would dispose of them for a third
‘ of the value. The first gentleman, who pre-
‘ tended to be my friend, whispered me to
‘ buy them, and cautioned me not to let so
‘ good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flambo-
‘ rough, and they talked him up as finely as
‘ they did me, and so at last we were persuaded
‘ to buy the two groce between us.’

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Mr. Búrchell is found to be an énemy; for he has the cónfidence to give disagreeable advìce.

OUR fámily had now màde feveral attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen difáster demólished each as soon as projécted. I endéavoured to take the advántage of every disappointment, to impròve their good sense in propòrtion as they were frústrated in ámbition. ‘ You see, my children,’ cried I, ‘ how little is to be gót by attempts to impòse upon the wórld, in cóping with our bétters. Such as are pòor and will affóciate with none but the rich, are hàted by those they avòid, and despised by these they fóllo. Unèqual combinàtions are always disadvántageous to the weaker side; the rich having the pléasure, and the poor the inconveniènces that resúlt from thém. But còme, Dick, my bòy, and repèat the fable that you were rèading to-dày, for the gòod of the còmpany.’

‘ Once upon a tíme,’ cried the child, a Giant and a Dwàrf were friends; and kept together. They made a bárgain that they

‘ would never forsake each other, but go seek
‘ adventures. The first battle they fought was
‘ with two Saracens, and the Dwarf, who was
‘ very courageous, dealt one of the champions
‘ a most angry blow. It did the Saracen but
‘ very little injury, who lifting up his sword,
‘ fairly struck off the poor Dwarf’s arm. He
‘ was now in a woeful plight; but the Giant
‘ coming to his assistance, in a short time left
‘ the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the
‘ Dwarf cut off the dead man’s head out of spite.
‘ They then travelled on to another adventure.
‘ This was against three bloody-minded Satyrs,
‘ who were carrying away a damsel in distress.
‘ The Dwarf was not quite so fierce now as
‘ before; but for all that, struck the first blow,
‘ which was returned by another, that knocked
‘ out his eye: but the Giant was soon up with
‘ them, and had they not fled, would certainly
‘ have killed them every one. They were all
‘ very joyful for this victory, and the damsel
‘ who was relieved fell in love with the Giant,
‘ and married him. They now travelled far,
‘ and farther than I can tell, till they met with
‘ a company of robbers. The Giant, for the
‘ first time, was foremost now; but the Dwarf
‘ was not far behind. The battle was stout
‘ and long. Wherever the Giant came all fell
‘ before him; but the Dwarf had like to have
‘ been

‘ been killed more than ónce. At last the vic-
‘ tory declàred for the two advénturers; but
‘ the Dwàrf lost his lég. The Dwàrf had now
‘ lóst an árm, a lég, and an èye, while the
‘ Giant was withòut a single wound. Upon
‘ wich he cried out to his little cómpañion, My
‘ little hèroe, this is glòrious sport; let us get
‘ one víctory móre, and then we shall have
‘ hónour for éver. No, cries the Dwàrf, who
‘ was by this time grown wíser, no, I declare
‘ óff; I’ll fight no mòre: for I find in every
‘ báttle that you get all the hónour and rewards,
‘ but all the blòws fall upón me.’

I was going to moralìze this fáble, when
our áttention was called òff to a warm dispùte
between my wífe and Mr. Búrchell, upon my
dàughters inténded expédition to tòwn. My
wife very strénuously insísted upon the adván-
tages that would resúlt from ít. Mr. Búrchell,
on the cóntrary, dissuàded her with great àrdor,
and I stòod nèuter. His present dissuàsions see-
med but the sécond part of thòse which were
receíved with so ill a gràce in the mòrning.
The dispùte grew hìgh, while poor Debòrah,
instead of réasoning strónger, talked lòuder, and
at last was obliged to take shelter from a defèat
in clámour. The conclùsion of her hárangue,
howéver, was highly displèasing to us àll: she
knew, she sàid, of some who had their own
sécret

fécret reasons for what they advised ; bût, for her
 párt, she wished súch to stay away fróm her hóuse
 for the fùture. — ‘ Mádam,’ cried Búrchell, with
 lóoks of great compòsure, which ténded to en-
 fláme her the mòre, ‘ as for secret réasons, you
 ‘ are right: I have secret réasons, which I for-
 ‘ bear to méntion, becàuse you are not áble
 ‘ to answer thòse of which I màke no fécret:
 ‘ but I find my vísits here are becóme tróuble-
 ‘ some; I’ll take my lèave therefore nòw, and
 ‘ pérhaps come once mòre to take a fínal fàre-
 ‘ wel when I am quítting the cóuntry.’ Thus
 fàying, he took úp his hát, nor could the át-
 tempts of Sóphia, whose lóoks fèemed to up-
 bràid his précipitancy, prevent his gòing.

When góne, we all regàrded each óther
 for some mínutes with confúsió. My wífe,
 who kneù herself to be the càuse, strove to
 hìde her cóncern with a fòrced smìle, and an
 air of assùrance, which I was willing to repròve:
 ‘ How, wòman,’ cried I to hér, ‘ is it thus
 ‘ we trèat strángers? Is it thus we retúrn
 ‘ their kìndness: Be assùred, my dèar,
 ‘ that these were the hàrshèst wórds, and
 ‘ to me the most unplèasing that ever escáped
 ‘ your líps!’ — ‘ Why would he provòke me
 ‘ thén?’ replìed she; ‘ but I know the mótives
 ‘ of his advice pérfectly well. He would prè-
 ‘ vent my girls from gòing to tòwn, that he
 ‘ may

‘ may have the pléasure of my youngest dàugh-
‘ ter’s cómpany here at hòme. But whatéver
‘ háppens, she shall chùse better cómpany than
‘ such low-lived féllows as hè.’ — ‘ Lòw-
‘ lived, my dèar, do you càll him?’ cried I;
‘ it is very pòssible we may mistàke this man’s
‘ cháracter: for he sèems upon some occàsions
‘ the most fínished gèntleman I ever knèw. —
‘ Téll me, Sóphia, my gírl, has he ever gíven
‘ you any sécret ínstances of his attáchment?’ —
‘ His conversàtion with mè, Sir,’ replied my
dàughter, ‘ has ever been sènsible, módest, and
‘ pléasing. As to àught élse, no, néver. Once
‘ indèed, I remémber to have héard him say
‘ he never knèw a woman who could find mé-
‘ rit in a man that sèemed pòor.’ ‘ Such, my
‘ dèar,’ cried I, ‘ is the cómmon cant of all the
‘ unfórtunate or ìdle. But I hòpe you have
‘ been tàught to judge próperly of súch men,
‘ and that it would be éven màdness to expéct
‘ happíness from óne who has been so véry
‘ bad an oecónomist of his òwn. Your móther
‘ and I have now better próspects for yòu.
‘ The next wínter, which you will próbably
‘ spend in tòwn, will give you opportùnities
‘ of making a more prùdent choíce.’

What Sophia’s refléctions were upon this
occàsion, I cannot prétend to détérmine; but
I was not displéased at the bóttom that we were
rid

rid of a guést from whòm I had much to fèar. Our brèach of hospitálisty went to my cónscience a líttle: but I quickly sílenced that monitor by two or thrèe specious réasons, which sèrved to sátisfy and reconcìle me to mysèlf. The pain which cónscience gives the man who has alréady done wróng, is foon got óver. Cónscience is a còward, and those faùlts it has not strength enòugh to prevént, it feldom has jústice enough to accùse.

CHAP. XIV.

*Fresh mortifications, or a demonstration
that seeming calamities may be real
blessings.*

THE journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thórnhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expence. We debated therefore in full council what were the easiest methods of raising money, or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished, it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plow, without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye; it was therefore determined that we should dispose of him for the purposes above mentioned, at the neighbouring fair, and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own
pru-

prudence is méasured by that of the còmpany he kèeps; and as mine was mòstly in the fámily way, I had conceìved no unfávourable sentiments of my worldly wísdóm. My wife, howéver, next mòrning, at pártíng, after I had got some páces from the dòor, called me báck, to advíse me, in a whísper, to have all my eýes abòut me.

I had, in the ùsual forms, when I came to the fàir, put my horse through àll his páces; but for some time had no bídders. At last a chápman appròached, and, after he had for a good while exámined the hòrse round, finding him blínd of one eýe, he would having nóthing to say to hím: a fécond came úp; but obsérving he had a spávin, declàred he would not tàke him for the driving hòme: a third percèived he had a wíndgall, and would bid no móney: a fourth knèw by ~~his~~ eýe that he had the bóttis: a físth, wóndered what a plàgue I could do at the fàir with the blínd, spávined, galled hack, that was ónly fit to be cut úp for a dóg kennel. By this tíme I began to have a most héarty cón- témpť for the poor ánimál mysélf, and was almost afhàmed at the appròach of every cústomer; for thòugh I did not entírely believe all the féllows tòld me; yet I reflécted that the númer of wítnesses was a strong prefúm- ption they were ríght, and St. Grégory, upon
good

good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business to the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an ale-house, we were shewn into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation; my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met: the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger. 'Make no apologies, my child,' said the old man, 'to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow creatures: take this, I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distresses,'

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‘ tress, and you are welcome.’ The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarce equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose’s company as possible. The old gentleman, hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention, for some time, and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. ‘ Sir,’ cried I, ‘ the applause of so good a man, as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, Sir, that Doctor Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call great. You here see that unfortunate Divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to say, successfully, fought against the deuterogamy of the age.’ ‘ Sir,’ cried the stranger, struck with awe, ‘ I fear I have been too familiar; but
‘ you’ll

‘ you’ll forgive my curiosity, Sir: I beg pardon.’ ‘ Sir,’ cried I, grasping his hand, ‘ you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I must beg you’ll accept my friendship, as you already have my esteem.’ — ‘ Then with gratitude I accept the offer,’ cried he, squeezing me by the hand, ‘ thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy; and do I behold.’ — I here interrupted what he was going to say; for though, as an author, I could digest no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects: at first I thought he seemed rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines as dreams. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem; for I had for some time begun privately to harbour such an opinion myself. I therefore took occasion to observe, that the world in general began to be blameably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculations too much — ‘ Ay, Sir,’ replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment, ‘ Ay, Sir, the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the crea-

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‘ tion

‘ tion of the wórld? Sanconiáthon, Manétho,
 ‘ Beròsus, and Océllus Lucànus, have all at-
 ‘ témped it in vâin. The latter has these wórds,
 ‘ *Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan*, which
 ‘ imply that all things have neither beginning
 ‘ nor énd. Manétho àlso, who lived about
 ‘ the time of Nebuchadon-’Affer, ’Affer being
 ‘ a Syriac word úsually applied as a sírname to
 ‘ the kings of that cóuntry, as Teglat Phael-
 ‘ Affer, Nabon-Affer, he, I sáy, fòrmed a
 ‘ conjécture equally absúrd; for as we úsually
 ‘ sáy, *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which implies
 ‘ that books will néver teach the wórld; so he
 ‘ attémped to invéstigate. — But, Sír, I ask
 ‘ pàrdon, I am stràying from the quéstion.’ —
 That he áctually was; nor could I for my life
 see hòw the création of the wórld had any
 thing to dò with the búsiness I was tàlking of;
 but it was súfficient to shew me that he was a
 mán of letters, and I now réverenced him the
 mòre. I was resólvéd therefore to bring him
 to the tóuchstone; but he was too mild and too
 géntle to conténd for víctory. Whenever I
 made any observàtion that lóoked like a chál-
 lenge to cóntroversy, he would smíle, shake
 his héad, and sáy nóthing; by which I under-
 stóod he could say múch, if he thought próper.
 The súbject therefore insénsibly changed from
 the búsiness of ántiquity to thát which bróught
 us

us both to the fair; mine I told him was to sell an horse, and very luckily, indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and in fine we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. ‘Here, ‘Abraham,’ cried he, ‘go and get gold for this; you’ll do it at neighbour Jackson’s, or any where.’ While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair and could not get change, though he had offered half a crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman having paused a little; asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country: upon replying that he was my next door neighbour, ‘If that be the case then,’ returned he, I believe we shall deal. ‘You shall have a draught upon him, payable

‘ at sight; and let me téll you he is as wàrm
‘ a man as any within five mìles round him.
‘ Hónest Solomon and I have been acquàinted
‘ for many yèars togéther. I remémber I al-
‘ ways béat him at three júmps; but he could
‘ hóp upon one leg fárther than ‘I.’ A draught
upon my nèighbour was to me the same as mó-
ney; for I was súfficiently convínced of his
abíliity: the draught was sígned and put into my
hánds, and Mr. Jénkinson, the old géntleman,
his man Abraham, and my hòrse, old Bláck-
berry, trótted off very well plèased with each
óther.

‘After a shòrt ínterval being left to re-
flectiòn, I began to recóllect that I had done
wróng in taking a draught from a stránger, and
so prudently resólvéd upon fólloving the púr-
chaser, and having back my hòrse. But this was
nòw too làte: I thérefore made directly
hómewards, resólvíng to get the draught chan-
ged into móney at my friend’s as fást as pòssible.
I fòund my hónest nèighbour smòking his pipe
at his own dòor, and infòrming him that I had
a smàll bill upon him, he réad it twice óver.
‘ You can réad the name, I suppòse,’ cried I,
‘ Ephraim Jénkinson.’ ‘Yes,’ retúrned he, ‘the
‘ name is wríttén plain enóugh, and I knòw
‘ the géntleman tòo, the gréatest rásçal under
‘ the cánopy of héaven. This is the very same
‘ rògue

‘ røgue who sold us the spéctacles. Was he
 ‘ not a vénérable lóoking man, with grey hàir,
 ‘ and no fláps to his pócket-holes? And did he
 ‘ not tàlk a long string of léarning about Greek
 ‘ and cósmogony, and the wórld?’ To this I
 replied with a gròan. ‘Aye,’ continued he,
 ‘ has but that one pièce of léarning in the wórld,
 ‘ and he àlways talks it away whenéver he
 ‘ finds a schólar in cómpany: but I know the
 ‘ røgue, and will catch him yét.’

Though I was alréady súfficiently mór-
 tified, my greatest strúggle was to cóme, in
 facing my wife and dàughters. No truant
 was ever more afràid of retúrning to schòol,
 there to behòld the master’s vífage, than I was
 of gòing hòme. I was détérmined, hòwever,
 to antícipate their fùry, by first fàlling into a
 páffion myself.

But, alas, upon éntering, I found the
 fámily no way dispòsed for báttle. My wife
 and girls were áll in tèars, Mr. Thornhill having
 been thére that dày to infòm them, that their
 jòurney to tòwn was entirely óver. The two
 làdies having héard repòrts of us from some
 malícious pérson abòut us, were that dày fet
 out for Lóndon. He could neither discóver
 the téndency, nor the àuthor of thèse, but
 whatéver they mìght be, or whoever mìght
 have bròached them, he continued to assùre our
 G 4 family

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fá mily of his friendship and protéction. I found, thérefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the gréatness of their òwn. But what perplexed us mòst was to think who could be so bàse as to asperse the cháracter of a fá mily so hàrmless as ours, too húmble to excíte énv y, and too inoffénsive to create disgúst.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

All Mr. Burchell's villainy at once detected. The folly of being over-wise.

THAT evening and part of the following day was employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies: scarce a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinion best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter-case, which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been seen, and, upon examination, contained some hints upon different subjects; but what particularly engaged our attention was a sealed note, superscribed, *the copy of a letter to be sent to the ladies at Thornhill-castle.* It instantly occurred that he was the base informer, and we deliberated whether the note should not be broke open. I was against it; but Sophia, who said she was sure that of all men he would be the last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family, and, at their joint solicitation, I read as follows:

‘ LADIES.

‘ THE bearer will sufficiently satisfy you
 ‘ as to the person from whom this comes:
 ‘ one at least the friend of innocence, and
 ‘ ready to prevent its being seduced. I am
 ‘ informed for a truth, that you have some in-
 ‘ tention of bringing two young ladies to town,
 ‘ whom I have some knowledge of, under the
 ‘ character of companions. As I would nei-
 ‘ ther have simplicity imposed upon, nor virtue
 ‘ contaminated, I must offer it as my opinion,
 ‘ that the impropriety of such a step will be
 ‘ attended with dangerous consequences. It
 ‘ has never been my way to treat the infamous
 ‘ or the lewd with severity; nor should I now
 ‘ have taken this method of explaining myself,
 ‘ or reproving folly, did it not aim at guilt.
 ‘ Take therefore the admonition of a friend,
 ‘ and seriously reflect on the consequences of
 ‘ introducing infamy and vice into retreats
 ‘ where peace and innocence have hitherto
 ‘ resided.’

Our doubts were now at an end. There
 seemed indeed something applicable to both
 sides in this letter, and its censures might as
 well be referred to those to whom it was
 written, as to us; but the malicious meaning
 was obvious, and we went no farther. My
 wife had scarce patience to hear me to the end,
 but

but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. 'Olivia was equally severe, and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had met with. Nor could I account for it in any other manner than by imputing it to his desire of detaining my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we all sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running in to tell us that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleasure of approaching vengeance. Though our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude; yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles, to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness, to amuse him a little; and then in the midst of the flattering calm to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with the sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself, as she really had some talents for

for such an undertaking. We saw him approach, he entered, drew a chair, and sat down. — ‘A fine day, Mr. Burchell.’ — ‘A very fine day, Doctor; though I fancy we shall have some rain by the shooting of my corns.’ — ‘The shooting of your horns,’ cried my wife in a loud fit of laughter, and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke. — ‘Dear madam,’ replied he, ‘I pardon you with all my heart; for I protest I should not have thought it a joke had you not told me.’ — ‘Perhaps not, Sir,’ cried my wife, winking at us, and ‘yet I dare say you can tell us how many jokes go to an ounce.’ — ‘I fancy, madam,’ returned Burchell, ‘you have been reading a jest book this morning, that ounce of jokes is so very good a conceit; and yet, madam, I had rather see half an ounce of understanding.’ — ‘I believe you might,’ cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her; ‘and yet I have seen some men pretend to understanding that have very little.’ — ‘And no doubt,’ replied her antagonist, ‘you have known ladies set up for wit that had none.’ — I quickly began to find that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business; so I resolved to treat him in a style of more severity myself. ‘Both wit and understanding,’ cried I, ‘are trifles without integrity; it is that which gives
‘ves

‘ves value to every character. The ignorant
‘peasant, without fault, is greater than the
‘philosopher with many, for what is genius
‘or courage without an heart? *An honest man*
‘*is the noblest work of God.*’

‘I always held that hackney’d maxim of
‘Pope,’ returned Mr. Burchell, ‘as very un-
‘worthy a man of genius, and a base desertion
‘of his own superiority. As the reputation of
‘books is raised not by their freedom from de-
‘fect but the greatness of their beauties; so
‘should that of men be prized not for their ex-
‘emption from fault, but the size of those vir-
‘tues they are possessed of. The scholar may
‘want prudence, the statesman may have pride,
‘and the champion ferocity; but shall we pre-
‘fer to these the low mechanic, who labo-
‘riously plods on through life, without cen-
‘sure or applause? We might as well prefer
‘the tame correct paintings of the Flemish
‘school to the erroneous, but sublime anima-
‘tions of the Roman pencil.’

‘Sir,’ replied I, ‘your present observa-
‘tion is just, when there are shining virtues
‘and minute defects; but when it appears that
‘great vices are opposed in the same mind to
‘as extraordinary virtues, such a character de-
‘serves contempt.’

‘Per-

‘ Perhaps,’ cried he, ‘ there may be some
‘ such monsters as you describe, of great vices
‘ joined to great virtues; yet in my progress
‘ through life, I never yet found one instance
‘ of their existence: on the contrary, I have
‘ ever perceived, that where the mind was ca-
‘ pacious, the affections were good. And in-
‘ deed Providence seems kindly our friend in
‘ this particular, thus to debilitate the under-
‘ standing where the heart is corrupt, and di-
‘ minish the power where there is the will to
‘ do mischief. This rule seems to extend even
‘ to other animals: the little vermin race are
‘ ever treacherous, cruel, and cowardly, whilst
‘ those endowed with strength and power are
‘ generous, brave, and gentle.’

‘ These observations sound well,’ re-
‘ turned I, ‘ and yet it would be easy this mo-
‘ ment to point out a man,’ and I fixed my
‘ eye steadfastly upon him, ‘ whose head and
‘ heart form a most detestable contrast. Ay,
‘ Sir,’ continued I, raising my voice, ‘ and I
‘ am glad to have this opportunity of detecting
‘ him in the midst of his fancied security. Do
‘ you know this, Sir, this pocket-book?’ —
‘ Yes, Sir,’ returned he, with a face of impé-
‘ netrable assurance, ‘ that pocket-book is mine,
‘ and I am glad you have found it.’ — ‘ And
‘ do you know,’ cried I, ‘ this letter? Nay,
‘ never

‘ never fàlter, man; but lóok me full in the
‘ fàce: I fày, do you knòw this lètter?’ —
‘ That lètter,’ — retúrned he, ‘ yes, it was
‘ I that wròte that lètter.’ — ‘ And hòw could
‘ you,’ fàid I, so bàsely, so ungrátefully pre-
‘ fùme to write this lètter?’ — ‘ And hòw
‘ cáme you,’ replièd he, with lóoks of unpáral-
‘ leled éffrontery, ‘ so bàsely to prefùme to break
‘ òpen this lètter? Don’t you knòw, now, I
‘ could háng you all for this? All that I have
‘ to dò is to fwéar at the next jústice’s, that
‘ you have been guílty of breaking òpen the
‘ lóck of my pócketbook, and so hang you all
‘ úp at his dóor.’ This piéce of unexpected
infólence raísed me to fuch a píтч, that I could
scàrce góvern my pássion. ‘ Ungráteful wrétch,
‘ begóne, and no lónger pollùte my dwélling
‘ with thy bàsenefs. Begóne, and néver let
‘ me fee thee agàin: go from my dòors, and
‘ the only púnishment I wísh thee is an alàr-
‘ med cóncience, which will be a fúfficient
‘ tormèntor!’ so fàying, I thrèw him his pócket-
book, which he tòok up with a finile, and
fhútting the clasps with the utmòst compòsure,
léft us, quite astónifhed at the ferénity of his
affùrance. My wífe was párticularly enràged
that nóthing could make him ángry, or make
him seem afhàmed of his víllainies: ‘ My dèar,’
crièd I, willing to càlm those pássions that had
been

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been raised too high among us, 'we are not to
' be surprised that bad men want shame; they
' only blush at being detected in doing good,
' but glory in their vices.

' Guilt and Shame, says the allegory,
' were at first companions, and in the beginning
' of their journey inseparably kept together.
' But their union was soon found to be disagree-
' able and inconvenient to both; Guilt gave
' Shame frequent uneasiness, and Shame often
' betrayed the secret conspiracies of Guilt. After
' long disagreement, therefore, they, at length
' consented to part for ever. Guilt boldly
' walked forward alone, to overtake Fate, that
' went before in the shape of an executioner:
' but Shame being naturally timorous, returned
' back to keep company with Virtue, which,
' in the beginning of their journey, they had
' left behind. Thus, my children, after men
' have travelled through a few stages in vice,
' shame forsakes them, and returns back to
' wait upon the few virtues they have still
' remaining.'

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

*The family use art, which is opposed
with still gréater.*

WHATEVER might have been Sópia's sensations, the rest of the family was easily consoled for Mr. Búrchell's ábsence by the cómpany of our lándlord, whose vísits now becàme more fréquent and lóngér. Though he had been díssappóinted in procúring my daúgh-ters the amúsements of the tówn, as he desígn-ed, he tòok every opportúntý of supplying them with those little récréations which our ré-tírement wóuld admít of. He úsually came in the mórring, and while my son and I fóllowed our occupátions abròad, he sat with the family at hòme, and amúsed them by descríbing the tówn, with évery párt of which he was párti-cularly acquàinted. He could repéat all the ob-servátions that were retàiled in the atmósphère of the play-hóuses, and had all the good thíngs of the hígh wits by ròte long befóre they made way into the jést-books. The íntervals be-twèen conversatíon were emplòyed in tèaching my daughters píquet, or sometímes in setting my two líttle ones to bóx to make them *shárp*, as he càlled it; but the hòpes of having him for

H

a son.

a son-in-law, in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entráp him, or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the mérit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by 'Olivia; if the gooseberry wine was well knít, the gooseberries were of her gathering: it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the 'Squire, that she thought him and 'Olivia extrémely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impénétrable, yet which every body saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it; and his slowness was attributed sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt, that he designed to become one of our family; my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My

My wife and daughters happening to return a visit to neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner, for what could I do? our next deliberation was to shew the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges, a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution of being drawn together, in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was de-

fired not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side, while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. 'Olivia would be drawn as an 'Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green Joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with an hat and white feather. Our taste so much pleased the Squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family in the character of 'Alexander the great, at 'Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance had not occurred till the picture was finished, which now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point

point is inconceivable; but certain it is, we had been all greatly remis. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned, in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised more malicious suggestions in many. The 'Squire's portrait being found united with ours, was an honour too great to escape envy. Scandalous whispers began to circulate at our expence, and our tranquillity was continually disturbed by persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports we always resented with becoming spirit; but scandal ever improves by opposition.

We once again therefore entered into a consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this: as our principal object

was to discover the honour of Mr. Thórnhill's addressees, my wife undertook to sound him, by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of an husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then resolved to terrify him with a rival. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon this occasion, if he did not prevent it, by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thórnhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution; but they only retired to the next room, from whence they could over hear the whole conversation: My wife artfully introduced it, by observing, that one of the Miss Flámboroughs was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spánker. To this the 'Squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands; 'But heaven help,' continued she, 'the girls that have none. What signifies beauty, ' Mr. Thórnhill? or what signifies all the virtue, ' and

‘and all the qualifications in the world, in this
‘age of selfinterest? It is not, what is she?
‘but what has she? is all the cry.’

‘Madam,’ returned he, ‘I highly approve
‘the justice, as well as the novelty, of your
‘remarks, and if I were a king, it should be
‘otherwise. It should then, indeed, be fine
‘times with the girls without fortunes: our
‘two young ladies should be the first for
‘whom I would provide.’

‘Ah, Sir!’ returned my wife, ‘you are
‘pleased to be facetious: but I wish I were a
‘queen, and then I know where my eldest
‘daughter should look for an husband. But
‘now, that you have put it into my head,
‘seriously, Mr. Thornhill, can’t you recom-
‘mend me a proper husband for her? she is
‘now nineteen years old, well grown and
‘well educated, and, in my humble opinion,
‘does not want for parts.’

‘Madam,’ replied he, ‘if I were to
‘choose, I would find out a person possessed of
‘every accomplishment that can make an angel
‘happy. One with prudence, fortune, taste,
‘and sincerity, such, madam, would be, in my
‘opinion, the proper husband.’ ‘Ay, Sir,’ said
‘she, ‘but do you know of any such per-
‘son?’ — No, madam,’ returned he, ‘it is
‘impossible to know any person that deserves

‘ to be her husband: she’s too great a treasure
 ‘ for one man’s possession: she’s a goddess.
 ‘ Upon my soul, I speak what I think, she’s an
 ‘ angel.’ — ‘ Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you only
 ‘ flatter my poor girl: but we have been think-
 ‘ ing of marrying her to one of your tenants,
 ‘ whose mother is lately dead, and who wants
 ‘ a manager: you know whom I mean, farmer
 ‘ Williams; a warm man, Mr. Thornhill, able
 ‘ to give her good bread; and who has several
 ‘ times made her proposals,’ (which was
 actually the case) ‘ but, Sir,’ concluded she,
 ‘ I should be glad to have your approbation of
 ‘ our choice.’ — ‘ How, Madam,’ replied he,
 ‘ my approbation! My approbation of such a
 ‘ choice! Never. What! Sacrifice so much
 ‘ beauty, and sense, and goodness, to a creature
 ‘ insensible of the blessing! Excuse me, I can
 ‘ never approve of such a piece of injustice!
 ‘ And I have my reasons!’ — ‘ Indeed, Sir,’
 ‘ cried Deborah, ‘ if you have your reasons,
 ‘ that’s another affair; but I should be glad to
 ‘ know those reasons.’ — ‘ Excuse me, ma-
 ‘ dam,’ returned he, ‘ they lie too deep for dis-
 ‘ covery:’ (laying his hand upon his bosom)
 ‘ they remain buried, rivetted here,’

After he was gone, upon general consul-
 tation, we could not tell what to make of these
 fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as in-
 stances

stances of the most exalted passion; but I was not quite so sanguine: it seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love, than matrimony in them: yet, whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of farmer Williams, who, from my daughter's first appearance in the country, had paid her his addresses.

CHAP. XVII.

*Scarcely any virtue found to resist the power
of long and pleasing temptation.*

AS I only studied my child's real happiness, the assiduity of Mr. Williams pleased me, as he was in easy circumstances, prudent, and sincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion; so that in an evening or two he and Mr. Thornhill met at our house, and surveyed each other for some time with looks of anger: but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side acted the coquet to perfection, if that might be called acting which was her real character, pretending to lavish all her tenderness on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill appeared quite dejected at this preference, and with a pensive air took leave, though I own it puzzled me to find him so much in pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honourable passion. But whatever uneasiness he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was still greater. After any of these interviews between her lovers, of which there were
seve-

several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after she had been for some time supporting a fictitious gaiety —

‘ You now see, my child,’ said I, ‘ that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill’s passion was all a dream: he permits the rivalry of another, every way his inferior, though he knows it lies in his power to secure you to himself by a candid declaration.’ — ‘ Yes, papa,’ returned she, ‘ but he has his reasons for this delay: I know he has. The sincerity of his looks and words convince me of his real esteem. A short time, I hope, will discover the generosity of his sentiments, and convince you that my opinion of him has been more just than yours.’ — ‘ Olivia, my darling,’ returned I, ‘ every scheme that has been hitherto pursued to compel him to a declaration, has been proposed and planned by yourself, nor can you in the least say that I have constrained you. But you must not suppose, my dear, that I will ever be instrumental in suffering his honest rival to be the dupe of your ill-placed passion. Whatever time you require to bring your fancied admirer to an explanation shall be granted; but at the expiration of that term, if he is still regardless, I must absolutely insist that honest Mr. Williams shall be

re-

‘ rewarded for his fidelity. The character which
‘ I have hitherto supported in life demands this
‘ from me, and my tenderness, as a parent,
‘ shall never influence my integrity as a man.
‘ Name then your day, let it be as distant as
‘ you think proper, and in the mean time take
‘ care to let Mr. Thornhill know the exact time
‘ on which I design delivering you up to an-
‘ other. If he really loves you, his own good
‘ sense will readily suggest that there is but one
‘ method alone to prevent his losing you for
‘ ever.’ — This proposal, which she could
not avoid considering as perfectly just, was
readily agreed to. She again renewed her most
positive promise of marrying Mr. Williams, in
case of the other’s insensibility; and at the next
opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill’s presence, that
day month was fixed upon for her nuptials with
his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to re-
double Mr. Thornhill’s anxiety: but what Oli-
via really felt gave me some uneasiness. In this
struggle between prudence and passion, her vi-
vacity quite forsook her, and every opportu-
nity of solitude was sought, and spent in tears.
One week passed away; but Mr. Thornhill
made no efforts to restrain her nuptials. The
succeeding week he was still assiduous; but
not more open. On the third he discontinued
his

his visits entirely, and instead of my daughter testifying any impatience, as I expected, she seemed to retain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation. For my own part I was now sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was going to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her resolution, in preferring happiness to ostentation.

It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, and laying schemes for the future. Búried in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost, ‘Well, Moses,’ cried I, ‘we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family; what is your opinion of matters and things in general?’ — ‘My opinion, father, is that all things go on very well; and I was just now thinking, that when sister Livy is married to farmer Williams, we shall then have the loan of his cyderpress and brewing tubs for nothing.’ — ‘That we shall, Moses,’ — cried I, ‘and he will sing us Déath and the Lâdy, to raise our spirits into the bargin.’ — ‘He has taught that song to our Díck,’ cried Móses; ‘and I think he goes thro’ it ‘very prettily.’ — ‘Does he so?’ cried I, ‘then let,
‘ us

' us have it: where's little Dick? let him up
 ' with it boldly.' — ' My brother Dick,
 ' cried Bill my youngest, is just gone out with
 ' sister Livy; but Mr. Williams has taught me
 ' two songs, and I'll sing them for you, páppa.
 ' Which song do you chuse, *the dying Swan*,
 ' or the '*Elegy on the death of a mad dog*?' ' The
 ' élegy, child, by all means,' said I; ' I never
 ' heard that yet; and Déborah, my life, grief
 ' you know is dry, let us have a bottle of the
 ' best gooseberry wine, to keep up our spirits.
 ' I have wept so much at all sorts of élegies of
 ' late, that without an enlivening glass I am
 ' sure this will overcome me; and Sóphy, love,
 ' take your guítar, and thrúm in with the boy
 ' a little.'

An ELEGY on the Death of a Mad Dog.

G O D people all, of every fórt,
 Give ear unto my sòng;
 And if you find it wónd'rous shórt,
 It cannot hòld you lóng.

In Isling tòwn there was a mán,
 Of whóm the world might fày,
 That still a gódlý race he rán,
 Whenè'er he wént to prày.

A kind and gentle héart he hád,
 To cómfort friends and fòes;
 The naked évery day he clád,
 When he pút on his clòaths.

And

And in that tòwn a dog was fòund,
As many dógs there be,
Both múngrel, púppy, whelp, and hòund,
And curs of lòw degré.

This dog and man at fírst were fríends;
But when a pique begán,
The dóg, to gain some prívate énds,
Went mád and bit the mán.

Around from all the neighbouring stréets,
The wóndering neighbours rán,
And swòre the dog had lost his wíts,
To bìte so good a mán.

The wòund it seem'd both fòre and fád,
To every chrístian èye;
And while they swòre the dog was mád,
They swòre the man would dìe.

But fòon a wonder came to lìght,
That shew'd the rògues they lièd,
The man recóver'd of the bìte,
The dóg it was that d'y'd.

‘ A very good bòy, Bill, upon my wórd,
‘ and an élegy that may trùly be called trágical.
‘ Come, my children, here’s Bìll’s héalth, and
‘ may he one dày be a bís-hop.’

‘ With all my héart,’ cried my wífe;
‘ and if he but prèaches as well as he síngs, I
‘ make no dòubt of him. The most of his
‘ fa-

' family, by the mother's side, could sing a
 ' good song: it was a common saying in our
 ' country, that the family of the Blénkinsops
 ' could never look straight before them, nor
 ' the Húginsops blow out a candle; that there
 ' were none of the Grograms but could sing a
 ' song, or of the Mårjorams but could tell a
 ' story.' — 'Howéver that be,' cried I,
 ' the most vùlgar ballad of them all génerally
 ' pleases me better than the fine módern ódes,
 ' and things that petrify us in a single stánza;
 ' productions that we at once detést and praise.
 ' Put the gláís to your bróther, Móses. The
 ' great fault of these elégiaísts is, that they are
 ' in despair for griefs that give the sènsible part
 ' of mankind very little pain. A lady loses her
 ' múff, her fán, or her láp-dog, and so the silly
 ' pòet runs hòme to verify the disaster.'

' That may be the mòde,' cried Móses,
 ' in sublimer compositions; but the Ránelagh
 ' songs that come down to us are perfectly fa-
 ' míliar, and all cast in the same móld: Cólín
 ' meets Dóily, and they hold a diálogo to-
 ' géther; he gives her a fairing to put in her
 ' hàir, and she presents him with a nòsegay;
 ' and then they go togéther to chùrch, where
 ' they give good advíce to young nýmphs and
 ' swains to get married as fast as they cán.'

' And

‘ And very good advice too,’ cried I; and
 ‘ I am told there is not a place in the world
 ‘ where advice can be given with so much pro-
 ‘ priety as there; for, as it persuades us to
 ‘ marry, it also furnishes us with a wife; and
 ‘ surely that must be an excellent market, my
 ‘ boy, where we are told what we want, and
 ‘ supplied with it when wanting.’

‘ Yes, Sir,’ returned Moses, ‘ and I know
 ‘ but of two such markets for wives in Europe,
 ‘ Ranelagh in England, and Fontarabia in Spain.
 ‘ The Spanish market is open once a year, but
 ‘ our English wives are saleable every night.’

‘ You are right, my boy,’ cried his mother;
 ‘ Old England is the only place in the world
 ‘ for husbands to get wives.’ — ‘ And for
 ‘ wives to manage their husbands,’ interrupted
 I. ‘ It is a proverb abroad, that if a bridge
 ‘ were built across the sea, all the ladies of the
 ‘ Continent would come over to take pattern
 ‘ from ours; for there are no such wives in
 ‘ Europe as our own. But let us have one
 ‘ bottle more, Deborah, my life, and Moses
 ‘ give us a good song. What thanks do we not
 ‘ owe to heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity,
 ‘ health, and competence. I think myself hap-
 ‘ pier now than the greatest monarch upon earth.
 ‘ He has no such fire-side, nor such pleasant
 ‘ faces about it. Yes, Deborah, we are now

' growing òld; but the évening of our life is
 ' likely to be háppy. We are descéended from
 ' áncestors that knew no stàin, and we shàll
 ' lèave a good and vèrtuous race of children be-
 ' hìnd us. While we líve they will be our
 ' suppòrt and our pléasure hère, and when we
 ' diè they will tránsmít our hónour untàinted
 ' to postérity. Come, my sòn, we wait for
 ' a sòng: let us have a chòrus. But where is
 ' my dàrling Olivia? That little chérub's voice
 ' is always swèetest in the concért.' — Just
 as I spòke, Dick came running ín, ' O páppa,
 ' páppa, she is gone from ús, she is gone from
 ' ús, my sísler Livy is góne from us for éver.' —
 ' Góne, chìld!' — Yes, she is gone óff with
 ' two géntlemen in a pòst chaise, and one of
 ' them kíssed her, and said he wòuld diè for
 ' her; and she cried very múch, and was for
 ' cóming back; but he persúaded her agàin, and
 ' she went into the chàise, and said, O what
 ' wíll my pòor pappà do when he knòws I am
 ' undóne!' — Now then,' cried I, ' my children,
 ' go and be míserable; for we shàll never en-
 ' jòy one hòur mòre. And O may héaven's
 ' everlásting fùry light upon him and hís! Thus
 ' to rób me of my chìld! And sùre it will, for
 ' taking báck my swèet innócent that I was leàd-
 ' ing up to héaven. Such sincérity as my chìld
 ' was pòssessing óff. But all our éarthly háppiness
 ' is

‘ is now óver! Go, my children, go, and be
‘ míserable and ínfamous; for my heart is bròken
‘ withín me!’ — Fàther,’ cried my sòn, ‘ is
‘ this your fòrtitude?’ — ‘ Fòrtitude, chìld!
‘ Yes, he s’hall see I have fòrtitude! Bring me
‘ my pístols. I’ll purfùe the tràitor. While he
‘ is on éarth I’ll purfùe him. ‘ Old as I am, he
‘ s’hall fìnd I can s’ting him yet. The víllain!
‘ The perfídious villain’ — I had by this time
réached down my pístols, when my poor wífe,
whose pássions were not so stróng as míne, càught
me in her árms. ‘ My dèarest, dèarest húsband,’
cried s’he, ‘ the bíble is the only wéapon that
‘ is fit for your old hands no’w. Open that,
‘ my lóve, and rèad our anguish into pàtience,
‘ for s’he has vílely decèived us.’ — ‘ Indèed,
‘ Sir,’ ‘ resùmed my sòn, after a pàuse, your
‘ ràge is too víolent and unbecóming. You s’hould
‘ be my móther’s cómforter, and you encreàse
‘ her pàin. It ill sùited you and your réverend
‘ cháracter thus to cúrse your gréatest énemy:
‘ you s’hould not have cúrst him, víllain as he
‘ is.’ — ‘ I did not cúrse him, child, díd I?’ —
‘ Indèed, Sir, you díd; you cúrst him twice.’ —
‘ Then may héaven forgíve me and him if I
‘ díd. And now, my sòn, I see it was mòre
‘ than hùman bénevolence that fírst tàught us to
‘ blefs our énemies! Blest be his hòly name for
‘ all the gòod he hath gíven, and for all that he

‘ hath taken away. But it is not, it is not a
 ‘ small distress that can wring tears from these
 ‘ old eyes, that have not wept for so many
 ‘ years. My child! — To undo my darling!
 ‘ May confusion seize! — Heaven forgive me,
 ‘ what am I about to say! You may remember,
 ‘ my love, how good she was, and how charming;
 ‘ till this vile moment all her care was
 ‘ to make us happy. Had she but died! But
 ‘ she is gone, the honour of our family contaminated,
 ‘ and I must look out for happiness
 ‘ in other worlds than here. But my child, you
 ‘ saw them go off: perhaps he forced her away?
 ‘ If he forced her, she may yet be innocent.’ —
 ‘ Ah no, Sir!’ cried the child; ‘ he only kissed
 ‘ her, and called her his angel, and she wept
 ‘ very much, and leaned upon his arm, and
 ‘ they drove off very fast.’ — ‘ She’s an un-
 ‘ grateful creature,’ cried my wife, who could
 scarce speak for weeping, ‘ to use us thus. She
 ‘ never had the least constraint put upon her af-
 ‘ fections. The vile strumpet has basely de-
 ‘ serted her parents without any provocation,
 ‘ thus to bring your grey hairs to the grave, and
 ‘ I must shortly follow.’

In this manner that night, the first of our
 real misfortunes, was spent in the bitterness of
 complaint, and ill supported fallies of enthusiasm.
 I determined, however, to find out our betrayer,
 whe-

wherever he was, and reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches. 'Never,' cried she, 'shall that vilest stain of our family again darken those harmless doors. I will never call her daughter more. No, let the strumpet live with her vile seducer: she may bring us to shame, but she shall never more deceive us.'

Wife,' said I, 'do not talk thus hardly: my detestation of her guilt is as great as yours; but ever shall this house and this heart be open to a poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns from her transgression, the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time the very best may err; art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm. The first fault is the child of simplicity; but every other the offspring of guilt. Yes, the wretched creature shall be welcome to this heart and this house, tho' stained with ten thousand vices. I will again hearken to the music of her voice, again will I hang fondly on her bosom, if I find but repentance there. My son, bring hither my bible and my staff; I will pursue her, wherever she is, and tho' I cannot save her from shame, I may prevent the continuance of iniquity.'

CHAP. XVIII.

The pursuit of a father to reclaim a lost child to virtue.

TH O' the child could not describe the gentleman's person who handed his sister into the post-chaise, yet my suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for such intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill castle, resolving to upbraid him, and, if possible, to bring back my daughter: but before I had reached his seat, I was met by one of my parishioners, who said he saw a young lady resembling my daughter in a post-chaise with a gentleman, whom, by the description, I could only guess to be Mr. Burchell, and that they drove very fast. This information, however, did by no means satisfy me. I therefore went to the young 'Squire's, and though it was yet early, insisted upon seeing him immediately: he soon appeared with the most open familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, protesting upon his honour that he was quite a stranger to it. I now therefore condemned my former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who I recollected

lected had of late several private conferences with her: but the appearance of another witness left me no room to doubt of his villainy, who averred, that he and my daughter were actually gone towards the wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Being driven to that state of mind, in which we are more ready to act precipitately than to reason right, I never debated with myself, whether these accounts might not have been given by persons purposely placed in my way, to mislead me, but resolved to pursue my daughter and her fancied deluder thither. I walked along with earnestness, and enquired of several by the way; but received no accounts, till entering the town, I was met by a person on horseback, whom I remembered to have seen at the 'Squire's, and he assured me, that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend upon overtaking them; for he had seen them dance there the night before, and the whole assembly seemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the course. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earnestly employed in one pursuit, that of pleasure; how different from mine, that of reclaiming a lost child to

virtue! I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at some distance from me; but, as if he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him, he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more. I now reflected that it would be to no purpose to continue my pursuit farther, and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home: however, I retired to a little ale-house by the road-side, and in this place, the usual retreat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down patiently to wait the issue of my disorder. I languished here for near three weeks; but at last my constitution prevailed, though I was unprovided with money to defray the expences of my entertainment. It is possible the anxiety from this last circumstance alone might have brought on a relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller, who stooped to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard, who has written so many little books for children: he called himself their friend; but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted, but he

he was in haste to be gone; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimples face; for he had published for me against the Deuterógamists of the age, and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home by easy journies of ten miles a day. My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored, and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear till he tries them; as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we rise shews us some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disappointment; so in our descent from the summits of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds as we descend something to flatter and to please. Still as we approach, the darkest objects appear to brighten, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forward, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what

appeared at a distance like a wággon, which I was resolved to overtake; but when I came up with it, found it to be a strólling cómpany's cart, that was cárrying their scènes and other theátrical fúrniture to the next víllage, where they were to exhíbit. The cart was attended only by the pérson who dròve it, and one of the cómpany, as the rest of the plàyers were to fólloiw the ensúing day. Good cómpany upon the ròad, says the próverb, is the shórttest cut, I therefore éntered into conversàtion with the poor plàyer; and as I ónce had some theátrical pòwers myfélf, I dissérted on such tópics with my úsual frèedom: but as I was prétty much unacquàinted with the présent state of the stàge, I demánded who were the present theátrical writers in vògue, who the Drýdens and Otways of the dày. — ‘I fáncy, Sír, cried the plàyer, ‘féw of our módern dramátists would think ‘themfélves much hónoured by being compàred ‘to the writers you méntion. Drýden and Ròw's ‘manner, Sír, are quite out of fàshion; ‘our tàste has gone back a whòle cén- ‘tury, Flétcher, Ben Johnson, and all the plàys ‘of Shakespèare, are the only things that go ‘dòwn.’ — ‘Hòw,’ cried I, ‘is it pòssible ‘the présent age can be plèased with that ánti- ‘quated dialect, that óbsolete hùmour, those ‘óver-charged cháracters which abòund in the
‘ works

‘ works you mention?’ — ‘ Sir,’ returned my companion, ‘ the public think nothing about dialect, or humour, or character; for that is none of their business, they only go to be amused, and find themselves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime, under the sanction of Johnson’s or Shakespeare’s name.’ — ‘ So then, I suppose,’ cried I, ‘ that our modern dramatists are rather imitators of Shakespeare than of nature.’ — ‘ To say the truth,’ returned my companion, ‘ I don’t know that they imitate any thing at all; nor indeed does the public require it of them: it is not the composition of the piece, but the number of starts and attitudes that may be introduced into it that elicits applause. I have known a piece with not one jest in the whole, thrust into popularity, and another saved by the poet’s throwing in a fit of the gripes. No, Sir, the works of Congreve and Farquhar have too much wit in them for the present taste; our modern dialect is much more natural.’

By this time the équipage of the strolling company was arrived at the village, which, it seems, had been apprised of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us; for my companion observed, that strollers always have more spectators without doors than within. I did not consider the impropriety of my being in such

com-

company till I saw a mob gather about me. I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, in the first ale-house that offered, and being shewn into the common room, was accosted by a very well-drest gentleman, who demanded whether I was the real chaplain of the company, or whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play. Upon informing him of the truth, and that I did not belong in any sort to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and interest. I set him down in my own mind for nothing less than a parliament-man at least; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when upon asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house, with which request, after some entreaties, we were prevailed on to comply.

CHAP. XIX.

The description of a Person discontented with the present government, and apprehensive of the loss of our liberties.

THE house where we were to be entertained, lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot, and we soon arrived at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in that part of the country. The apartment into which we were shewn was perfectly elegant and modern; he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned, an elegant supper was brought in, two or three ladies, in an easy dishabille were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprightliness. Politics, however, were the subject on which our entertainer chiefly expatiated; for he asserted that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the cloth was removed, he asked me if I had seen the last Monitor, to which replying in the negative, 'What, nor the Auditor, I suppose?' cried he. 'Neither, Sir,'

‘ Sir,’ returned I. ‘ That’s strange, véry stran-
 ‘ ge,’ replied my entertàiner. ‘ Now, I rèad
 ‘ all the pólitics that come out. The Dàily,
 ‘ the Públic, the Lédger, the Chrónicle, the
 ‘ Lóndon Evening, the Whìtehall Evening,
 ‘ the séventeen mágazines, and the two
 ‘ Revièws; and though they hàte each
 ‘ óther, I love them àll. Líberty, Sir,
 ‘ líberty is the Bríton’s boast, and by all my
 ‘ còal mines in Còrnwall, I réverence its guàrd-
 ‘ ians.’ ‘ Then it is to be hòped,’ cried I, ‘ you
 ‘ réverence the kíng.’ ‘ Yes,’ returned my
 ‘ entertàiner, ‘ when he dòes what we would
 ‘ hàve him; but if he gòes on as he has dóne
 ‘ of làte, I’ll never tróuble myself mòre with
 ‘ his mátters. I say nóthing. I think ónly,
 ‘ I could have dirécted some things bétter. I
 ‘ don’t thínk there has been a suffícient núm-
 ‘ ber of advísers: he shóuld advíse with évery
 ‘ person willing to gíve him advíce, and then
 ‘ we shóuld hàve things dóne in anotherguèss
 ‘ mánnér.’

‘ I wísh,’ cried I, ‘ that such intrúding
 ‘ advísers were fíxed in the píllory. It shóuld
 ‘ be the dùty of hónest men to ássist the wèaker
 ‘ síde of our constitùtion, that sacred pówer
 ‘ that has for some yèars been every day declín-
 ‘ ing, and lòsing its due shàre of ínfluence in
 ‘ the stàte. But these ígnorants stíll contínue
 ‘ the

‘ the cry of liberty, and if they have any weight,
‘ basely throw it into the subsiding scale.’

‘ How,’ cried one of the ladies, ‘ do I
‘ live to see one so base, so sordid, as to be an
‘ enemy to liberty, and a defender of tyrants?
‘ Liberty, that sacred gift of heaven, that
‘ glorious privilege of Britons!’

‘ Can it be possible,’ cried our entertainer,
‘ that there should be any found at present ad-
‘ vocates for slavery? Any who are for meanly
‘ giving up the privileges of Britons? Can any,
‘ Sir, be so abject?’

‘ No, Sir,’ replied I, ‘ I am for liberty,
‘ that attribute of Gods! Glorious liberty! that
‘ theme of modern declamation. I would have
‘ all men kings. I would be a king myself.
‘ We have all naturally an equal right to the
‘ throne: We are all originally equal. This is
‘ my opinion, and was once the opinion of a
‘ set of honest men who were called Levellers.
‘ They tried to erect themselves into a commu-
‘ nity where all should be equally free. But,
‘ alas! it would never answer; for there were
‘ some among them stronger, and some more
‘ cunning than others, and these became masters
‘ of the rest; for as sure as your groom rides
‘ your horses, because he is a cunninger ani-
‘ mal than they, so surely will the animal that
‘ is cunninger or stronger than he, sit upon his
‘ shoulders

shoulders in turn. Since then it is entailed upon humanity to submit, and some are born to command, and others to obey, the question is, as there must be tyrants, whether it is better to have them in the same house with us, or in the same village, or still farther off, in the metropolis. Now, Sir, for my own part, as I naturally hate the face of a tyrant, the farther off he is removed from me, the better pleased am I. The generality of mankind also are of my way of thinking, and have unanimously created one king, whose election at once diminishes the number of tyrants, and puts tyranny at the greatest distance from the greatest number of people. Now the great who were tyrants themselves before the election of one tyrant, are naturally averse to a power raised over them, and whose weight must ever lean heaviest on the subordinate orders. It is the interest of the great, therefore, to diminish kingly power as much as possible; because whatever they take from that, is naturally restored to themselves; and all they have to do in the state, is to undermine the single tyrant, by which they resume their primeval authority. Now the state may be so circumstanced, or its laws may be so disposed, or its men of opulence so minded, as all to conspire

aspire in carrying on this business of undermining monarchy. For, in the first place, if the circumstances of our state be such, as to favour the accumulation of wealth, and make the opulent still more rich, this will encrease their ambition. An accumulation of wealth, however, must necessarily be the consequence, when as at present more riches flow in from external commerce than arise from internal industry: for external commerce can only be managed to advantage by the rich, and they have also at the same time all the emoluments arising from internal industry: so that the rich, with us, have two sources of wealth, whereas the poor have but one. For this reason, wealth, in all commercial states, is found to accumulate, and all such have hitherto in time become aristocratical. Again, the very laws also of this country may contribute to the accumulation of wealth; as when by their means the natural ties that bind the rich and poor together are broken, and it is ordained, that the rich shall only marry with the rich; or when the learned are held unqualified to serve their country as counsellors merely from a defect of opulence, and wealth is thus made the object of a wise man's ambition; by these means, I say, and such means as these, riches will accumulate. Now the possessor of ac-

‘ cumulated wealth, when furnished with the
‘ necessaries and pleasures of life, has no other
‘ method to employ the superfluity of his fortune but in purchasing power. That is, differently speaking, in making dependants, by
‘ purchasing the liberty of the needy or the
‘ venal, of men who are willing to bear the
‘ mortification of contiguous tyranny for bread.
‘ Thus each very opulent man generally gathers
‘ round him a circle of the poorest of the people;
‘ and the polity abounding in accumulated
‘ wealth, may be compared to a Cartesian system,
‘ each orb with a vortex of its own. Those,
‘ however, who are willing to move in a great
‘ man’s vortex, are only such as must be slaves,
‘ the rabble of mankind, whose souls and whose
‘ education are adapted to servitude, and who
‘ know nothing of liberty except the name. But
‘ there must still be a large number of the people
‘ without the sphere of the opulent man’s influence, namely, that order of men which
‘ subsists between the very rich and the very
‘ rabble; those men who are possessed of too large
‘ fortunes to submit to the neighbouring man
‘ in power, and yet are too poor to set up for
‘ tyranny themselves. In this middle order of
‘ mankind are generally to be found all the arts,
‘ wisdom, and virtues of society. This order
‘ alone is known to be the true preserver of
‘ free-

freedom, and may be called the Pèople. Now it may happen that this middle order of mankind may lose all its influence in a state; and its voice be in a manner drowned in that of the rabble: for if the fortune sufficient for qualifying a person at present to give his voice in state affairs, be ten times less than was judged sufficient upon forming the constitution, it is évident that great numbers of the rabble will thus be introduced into the political system, and they ever moving in the vortex of the great, will follow where greatness shall direct. In such a state, therefore, all that the middle order has left, is to preserve the prerogative and privilèges of the one principal governor with the most sacred circumspection. For he divides the power of the rich, and calls off the great from falling with tenfold weight on the middle order placed beneath them. The middle order may be compared to a town of which the opulent are forming the siege, and which the governor from without is hastening the relief. While the besiegers are in dread of an enemy over them, it is but natural to offer the townsmen the most specious terms; to flatter them with sounds, and amuse them with privilèges; but if they once defeat the governor from behind, the walls of the town will be but a small defence

K 2

‘ fence to its inhabitants. What they may then
‘ expect, may be seen by turning our eyes to
‘ Hólland, Génoa, or Vénice, where the laws
‘ govern the pòor, and the rich govern the làw.
‘ I am then for, and would diè for, mónarchy,
‘ sacred mónarchy; for if there be ány thing
‘ sacred amóngst men, it must be the anòinted
‘ SÓVEREIGN of his pèople, and every di-
‘ minution of his pòwer in war, or in pèace,
‘ is an infríngement upon the real líberties of
‘ the súbject. The sòunds of líberty, pátrio-
‘ tism, and Brítons, have alréady done *much*,
‘ it is to be hòped that the true sons of frèedom
‘ will prevént their ever doing mòre. I have
‘ known mány of those pretéended chámions
‘ for líberty in my tíme, yet do I not remém-
‘ ber one that was not in his héart and in his
‘ fámily a týrant.’

My warmth I fòund had léngthened this
harángue beyond the rùles of good brèeding:
but the impátience of my entertàiner, who
often stròve to interrúpt it, could be restràined
no lónger. ‘What,’ cried he, ‘then I have
‘ been àll this while entertàining a Jésuit in
‘ parson’s clòaths; but by all the còal mines of
‘ Còrnwall, out he shall páck, if my name be
‘ Wílkinson.’ I now fòund I had góne too
fàr, and asked pàrdon for the wármth with
which I had spòken. ‘Pàrdon,’ retúrned he in
a fùry;

a fury; 'I think such principles demand ten
' thousand pardons. What, give up liberty,
' property, and, as the Gázetteer says, lie down
' to be saddled with wooden shoes! Sir, I insist
' upon your marching out of this house im-
' mediately, to prevent worse consequences,
' Sir, I insist upon it.' I was going to repeat
my remonstrances; but just then we heard a
footman's rap at the door, and the two ladies
' cried out, 'As sure as death there is our master
' and mistress come home.' It seems my en-
tertainer was all this while only the butler,
who, in his master's absence, had a mind to cut
a figure, and be for a while the gentleman him-
self; and, to say the truth, he talked politics
as well as most country gentlemen do. But
nothing could now exceed my confusion upon
seeing the gentleman, and his lady, enter, nor
was their surprize, at finding such company
and good cheer, less than ours. 'Gentlemen,'
cried the real master of the house, to me and
my companion, 'my wife and I are your most
' humble servants; but I protest this is so unex-
' pected a favour, that we almost sink under the
' obligation.' However unexpected our com-
pany might be to them, theirs, I am sure, was
still more so to us, and I was struck dumb with
the apprehensions of my own absurdity, when,
whom should I next see enter the room but my

dear miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George; but whose match was broken off, as already related. As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy. 'My dear sir,' cried she, 'to what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit? I am sure my uncle and aunt will be in raptures when they find they have the good Dr. Primrose for their guest.' Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely stepped up, and welcomed me with most cordial hospitality. Nor could they forbear smiling upon being informed of the nature of my present visit: but the unfortunate butler, whom they at first seemed disposed to turn away, was, at my intercession, forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged now, insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days, and as their niece, my charming pupil, whose mind, in some measure, had been formed under my own instructions, joined in their entreaties, I complied. That night I was shewn to a magnificent chamber, and the next morning early, miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she enquired, with seeming unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George.

Gèorge. ‘Alas! Mádam,’ cried I, ‘he has
‘ now been near three yèars ábsent, without
‘ éver writing to his friends or mè. Where
‘ he is I know not; perhaps I shall néver see
‘ him or háppinefs more. No, my dèar madam,
‘ we shall never mòre see such plèasing hours
‘ as were once spént by our fìre-side at Wàke-
‘ field. My little fámily are now dispérsing
‘ very fást, and póverty has brought not only
‘ wánt, but ínfamy upón us.’ The gòod natu-
red girl let fáll a tèar at this accòunt; but as I
saw her posséssed of too much sensibíity, I for-
bore a more minute détàil of our súfferings. It
was, howéver, some consolàtion to me to fìnd
that time had màde no alteràtion in her afféctions,
and that she had rejécted fèveral mátches that
had been màde her since our lèaving her part
of the cóuntry. She led me ròund all the ex-
ténfive impròvements of the plàce, pointing to
the féveral walks and àrbours, and at the same
time cáatching from every óbject a hint for some
nèw quéstion relative to my sòn. In this man-
ner we spént the fòrenoon, till the bell súmmo-
ned us in to dínner, where we found the má-
nager of the strolling cómpany that I méntioned
befòre, who was come to dispòse of tíckets for
the Fair Pénitent, which was to be ácted that
evening, the part of Horàtio by a young gènt-
leman who had never appèared on any stàge.

He seemed to be very warm in the praises of the new performer, and averred, that he never saw any who bid so fair for excellence. 'Acting, he observed, was not learned in a day; ' But this gentleman,' continued he, seems ' born to tread the stage. His voice, his figure, ' and attitudes, are all admirable. We caught ' him up accidentally in our journey down.' This account, in some measure, excited our curiosity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the play-house, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was uncontestedly the chief of the place, we were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seat of the theatre; where we sat for some time with no small impatience to see Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at last, and let parents think of my sensations by their own, when I found it was my unfortunate son. He was going to begin, when, turning his eyes upon the audience, he perceived Miss Wilmot and me, and stood at once speechless and immovable. The actors behind the scene, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him; but instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears, and retired off the stage. I don't know what were my feelings on this occasion; for

for they succeeded with too much rapidity for description: but I was soon awaked from this disagreeable rêverie by Miss Wilmot, who, pale and with a trembling voice, desired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach, and an invitation, for him; and as he persisted in his refusal to appear again upon the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport; for I could never counterfeit false resentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated; she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she would take a fly peep at the glâss, as if happy in the consciousness of unresisted beauty, and often would ask questions, without giving any manner of attention to the answers.

CHAP. XX.

*The history of a philosophic vagabond,
pursuing novelty, but losing content.*

AFTER we had supped, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage, which he at first seemed to decline, but upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her, that a stick and a wallet were all the moveable things upon this earth that he could boast of. 'Why, aye my son,' cried I, 'you left me but poor, and poor I find you are come back; and yet I make no doubt you have seen a great deal of the world.' — 'Yes, Sir,' replied my son, 'but traveling after fortune, is not the way to secure her; and, indeed, of late, I have desisted from the pursuit.' — 'I fancy, Sir,' cried Mrs. Arnold, 'that the account of your adventures would be amusing: the first part of them I have often heard from my niece; but could the company prevail for the rest, it would be an additional obligation.' — 'Madam,' replied my son, 'I promise you the pleasure you have in hearing, will not be half so great as my vanity in repeating them, and yet in the whole narrative I can scarce promise
you

‘ you one adventure, as my account is rather
 ‘ of what I saw than what I did. The first mis-
 ‘ fortune of my life, which you all know, was
 ‘ great; but though it distressed, it could not sink
 ‘ me. No person ever had a better knack at
 ‘ hoping than I. The less kind I found fortune
 ‘ at one time, the more I expected from her
 ‘ another, and being now at the bottom of her
 ‘ wheel, every new revolution might lift, but
 ‘ could not depress me. I proceeded, there-
 ‘ fore, towards London in a fine morning, no
 ‘ way uneasy about to-morrow, but cheerful
 ‘ as the birds that carolled by the road, and
 ‘ comforted myself with reflecting, that Lon-
 ‘ don was the mart where abilities of every
 ‘ kind were sure of meeting distinction and
 ‘ reward.

‘ Upon my arrival in town, Sir, my first
 ‘ care was to deliver your letter of recommen-
 ‘ dation to our cousin, who was himself in little
 ‘ better circumstances than I. My first scheme,
 ‘ you know, Sir, was to be usher at an acade-
 ‘ my, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our
 ‘ cousin received the proposal with a true Sar-
 ‘ donic grin. Aye, cried he, this is indeed a
 ‘ very pretty career, that has been chalked out
 ‘ for you. I have been an usher at a boarding
 ‘ school myself; and may I die by an anodyne
 ‘ neck-

‘ nécklace, but I had ráther be an under túrn-
‘ key in Newgate. I was up éarly and làte;
‘ I was brow-beat by the màster, hàted for my
‘ úgly face by the místrefs, wórried by the
‘ bòys withín, and never permíttered to stir out
‘ to meet civílity abròad. But are you sûre
‘ you are fit for a schòol? Let me exámine you
‘ a líttle. Have you been bréd appréntice to
‘ the búsiness? Nò. Then you won’t dò for
‘ a schòol. Can you dréss the bòys hair? Nò.
‘ Then you won’t dò for a schòol. Have you
‘ had the smàll-pox? Nò. Then you won’t
‘ dò for a schòol. Can you lie thrée in a béd?
‘ Nò. Then you will néver dò for a schòol.
‘ Have you gót a good stómach? Yes. Then
‘ you will by no mèans do for a schòol. Nò,
‘ Sir, if you are for a gentèel easy proféssion,
‘ bind yourself seven yèars as an appréntice to
‘ turn a cútler’s wheel; but avòid a school by
‘ any mèans. Yet cóme, continued he, I see
‘ you are a lád of spírit and some léarning,
‘ what do you think of comméncing àuthor,
‘ like me? You have réad in bòoks, no dòubt,
‘ of men of gènius starving at the tràde: At
‘ présent I’ll shèw you forty very dull féllows
‘ abòut town that live by it in ópulence. `All
‘ honest jog-trot mén, who go on smòothly
‘ and dúlly, and write hístory and pólitics, and
‘ are pràised: mén, Sir, whò, had they bèen
‘ bred

‘ bred còblers, would all their lives have only
‘ mended shòes, but never màde them.

‘ Finding that there was no great degrèe
‘ of gentility affixed to the chàracter of an
‘ úsher, I resólvèd to accèpt his propòsal; and
‘ having the highest respèct for littérature, hàiled
‘ the antiqua màter of Grúbstreet with réveren-
‘ ce. I thought it my glòry to pursúe a track
‘ which Drýden and ‘Otway trod befóre me.
‘ I considered the góddeßs of this règion as the
‘ parent of éxcellence; and howéver an inter-
‘ course with the wórld might give us gòod
‘ sense, the póverty she grànted I supposed to
‘ be the núrse of gènius! Big with these re-
‘ fléctions, I satè dówn, and fìnding that the
‘ best things remàined to be said on the wróng
‘ side, I resólvèd to write a bòok that shòuld
‘ be wholly nèw. I therèfóre drest up three
‘ páradoxes with some ingenùity. They were
‘ fàlse, indèed, but they were nèw. The je-
‘ wels of truth have béen so often impòrted by
‘ óthers, that nóthing was left for me to im-
‘ pòrt but some spléndid things that at a dístance
‘ looked évery bit as wèll. Wítneßs you
‘ pòwers what fáncied impòrtance satè pérched
‘ upon my quill whìle I was wrìting. The
‘ whòle learned world, I made no dòubt,
‘ wòuld rise to oppòse my s’ytems; but then
‘ I was præpàred to oppòse the whòle léarned
‘ world.

‘ world. Like the porcupine I fate self-col-
‘ lected, with a quill pointed against every op-
‘ pòser.’

‘ Well said, my boy,’ cried I, ‘and what
‘ subject did you treat upon? I hope you did
‘ not pass over the importance of Mónogamy.
‘ But I interrupt, go on; you published your
‘ paradoxes; well, and what did the learned
‘ world say to your paradoxes?’

‘ Sir,’ replied my son, ‘the learned world
‘ said nothing to my paradoxes; nothing at all,
‘ Sir. ‘Every man of them was employed in
‘ praising his friends and himself, or condem-
‘ ning his enemies; and unfortunately, as I had
‘ neither, I suffered the crùellest mortification,
‘ neglect.’

‘ As I was méditating one day in a cof-
‘ fee-house on the fate of my paradoxes, a little
‘ man happening to enter the room, placed him-
‘ self in the box before me, and after some
‘ preliminary discòurse, finding me to be a
‘ schólar, drew out a bundle of propòsals, beg-
‘ ging me to subscribe to a new édition he was
‘ going to give the world of Propértius, with
‘ notes. This demánd necessarily produced a
‘ reply that I had no moneý; and that con-
‘ cession led him to inquire into the nature of
‘ my expectàtions. Finding that my expectàtions
‘ were just as gréat as my púrse, I see, cried
‘ he,

‘ he, you are unacquainted with the town. I’ll
‘ teach you a part of it. Look at these propo-
‘ sals, upon these very proposals I have sub-
‘ sisted very comfortably for twelve years.
‘ The moment a nobleman returns from his
‘ travels, a Crèolian arrives from Jamàica, or
‘ a dowager from her country seat, I strike for
‘ a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with
‘ flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the
‘ breach. If they subscribe readily the first time,
‘ I renew my request to beg a dedication fee.
‘ If they let me have that, I smite them once
‘ more for engraving their coat of arms at the
‘ top. Thus, continued he, I live by vanity,
‘ and laugh at it. But between ourselves, I am
‘ now too well known, I should be glad to
‘ borrow your face a bit: a nobleman of dis-
‘ tinction has just returned from Italy; my face
‘ is familiar to his porter; but if you bring this
‘ copy of verses, my life for it you succeed,
‘ and we divide the spoil.’

‘ Bless us, George,’ cried I, ‘ and is this
‘ the employment of poets now! Do men of
‘ their exalted talents thus stoop to beggary!
‘ Can they so far disgrace their calling, as to
‘ make a vile traffic of praise for bread?’

‘ O no, Sir,’ returned he, ‘ a true poet
‘ can never be so base; for wherever there is
‘ genius there is pride. The creatures I now
‘ de-

* describe are only béggars in rhyme. The réal
* poet, as he bràves every hàrdship for fàme,
* so he is équally a còward to contépt, and
* none but thòse who are unworthy protéction
* condescénd to sólicit it.

* Having a mind too pròud to stoop to
* such indígnities, and yet a fórtune too hum-
* ble to házard a fécond attépt for fàme, I
* was now obliged to take a middle còurse,
* and write for bréad. But I was unquálified
* for a proféssion where mère indústria alone
* was to ensùre succéss. I could not suppréss
* my lurking pássion for applàuse; but ùsually
* consumed that time in éfforts after éxcellence
* which tàkes up but little ròom, when it shòuld
* have been mòre advántageously emplòyed in
* the diffùsive productions of frùitful medió-
* crity. My little pièce would therefore come
* fórt in the mist of períódical publicàtion,
* unnóted and unknòwn. The públic were
* more impòrtantly emplòyed than to obsérve
* the easy simplicité of my stýle, or the hàr-
* mony of my périods. Shèet after shèet was
* thrown off to oblívion. My éssays were
* búried among the éssays upon líberty, éastern
* tales, and cùres for the bite of a mád dog;
* while Philáutos, Philaléthes, Philelutheros,
* and Philanthropos, all wrote bétter, because
* they wrote fàster, than I.

* Now,

‘ Now, therefore, I began to associate
 ‘ with none but disappointed authors, like myself,
 ‘ who praised, deplored, and despised each other.
 ‘ The satisfaction we found in every celebrated
 ‘ writer’s attempts, was inversely as their mé-
 ‘ rits. I found that no genius in another could
 ‘ please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had
 ‘ entirely dried up that source of comfort. I
 ‘ could neither read nor write with satisfaction;
 ‘ for excellence in another was my aversion,
 ‘ and writing was my trade.

‘ In the midst of these gloomy reflections,
 ‘ as I was one day sitting on a bench in St.
 ‘ James’s park, a young gentleman of distinc-
 ‘ tion, who had been my intimate acquaintance
 ‘ at the university, approached me. We saluted
 ‘ each other with some hesitation, he almost
 ‘ ashamed of being known to one who made so
 ‘ shabby an appearance, and I afraid of a re-
 ‘ pulse. But my suspicions soon vanished; for
 ‘ Ned Thornhill was at the bottom a very good
 ‘ natured fellow.’

‘ What did you say, George?’ interrupted
 I. ‘ Thornhill, was not that his name? It can
 ‘ certainly be no other than my landlord.’—
 ‘ Bless me,’ cried Mrs. Arnold, ‘ is Mr. Thorn-
 ‘ hill so near a neighbour of yours? He has long
 ‘ been a friend in our family, and we expect
 ‘ a visit from him shortly.’

L

‘ My

‘ My friend’s first cáre,’ continued my sòn,
 ‘ was to àlter my appèarance by a very fine
 ‘ sùit of his own clòaths, and then I was ad-
 ‘ mitted to his tàble upon the fóoting of hàlf-
 ‘ friend, hàlf-únderling. My búsinèss was to
 ‘ atténd him at àuctions, to put him in spírits
 ‘ when he fate for his pícture, to take the léft
 ‘ hand in his cháriot when not fíllèd by anóther,
 ‘ and to assíst at tattering a kíp, as the phràse
 ‘ wás, when we had a mìnd for a frólic. Be-
 ‘ sìde this, I had twenty other líttle emplòy-
 ‘ ments in the fámily. I was to do mány smàll
 ‘ things withòut bídding; to cárry the còrk-
 ‘ screw; to stànd Gódfather to all the bútler’s
 ‘ children; to sing when I was bíd; to be never
 ‘ òut of hùmour; always to be hùmble, and,
 ‘ if I còuld, to be very háppy.

‘ In this hónourable pòst, howéver, I was
 ‘ not withòut a rival. A cáptain of marìnes,
 ‘ who was fòrmed for the place by náture, op-
 ‘ pòsed me in my pátron’s afféctions. His mó-
 ‘ ther had been làundress to a man of quálity,
 ‘ and thus he èarly acquìred a taste for pímping
 ‘ and pédigree. As this géntleman made it the
 ‘ stúdy of his life to be acquàinted with lòrds,
 ‘ tho’ he was dísmíssed from severál for his stu-
 ‘ pidity; yet he fòund many of them who were
 ‘ as dúll as himsèlf, that permítted his assídú-
 ‘ ties. As flattery was his tràde, he practísed
 ‘ it

it with the easiest address imaginable; but it came awkward and stiff from me; and as every day my patron's desire of flattery increased, so every hour being better acquainted with his defects, I became more unwilling to give it. Thus I was once more fairly going to give up the field to the captain, when my friend found occasion for my assistance. This was nothing less than to fight a duel for him, with a gentleman whose sister it was pretended he had used ill. I readily complied with his request, and though I see you are displeased at my conduct, yet as it was a debt indispensably due to friendship, I could not refuse. I undertook the affair, disarmed my antagonist, and soon after had the pleasure of finding that the lady was only a woman of the town, and the fellow her bully and a sharper. This piece of service was repaid with the warmest professions of gratitude; but as my friend was to leave town in a few days, he knew no other method of serving me, but by recommending me to his uncle Sir William Thornhill, and another nobleman of great distinction, who enjoyed a post under the government. When he was gone, my first care was to carry his commendatory letter to his uncle, a man whose character for every virtue was universal, yet just. I was received by his servants with

‘ the most hospitable smiles; for the looks of
‘ the domestics ever transmit their master’s be-
‘ névolence. Being shewn into a grand apart-
‘ ment, where Sir William soon came to me,
‘ I delivered my message and letter, which he
‘ read, and after pausing some minutes, Pray,
‘ Sir, cried he, inform me what you have done
‘ for my kinsman, to deserve this warm recom-
‘ mendation? But I suppose, Sir, I guess your
‘ merits, you have fought for him; and so you
‘ would expect a reward from me, for being
‘ the instrument of his vices. I wish, sincerely
‘ wish, that my present refusal may be some
‘ punishment for your guilt; but still more,
‘ that it may be some inducement to your re-
‘ pentance. — The severity of this rebuke I
‘ bore patiently, because I knew it was just.
‘ My whole expectations now, therefore, lay
‘ in my letter to the great man. As the doors
‘ of the nobility are almost ever beset with beg-
‘ gars, all ready to thrust in some fly petition,
‘ I found it no easy matter to gain admittance.
‘ However, after bribing the servants with half
‘ my worldly fortune, I was at last shewn into
‘ a spacious apartment, my letter being previ-
‘ ously sent up for his lordship’s inspection.
‘ During this anxious interval I had full time
‘ to look round me. Every thing was grand,
‘ and of happy contrivance; the paintings, the
‘ fur-

‘ furniture, the gildings, pétrified me with
‘ awe, and raised my idea of the owner. Ah,
‘ thought I to myself, how very great must the
‘ possessor of all these things be, who carries
‘ in his head the business of the state, and whose
‘ house displays half the wealth of a kingdom:
‘ sure his genius must be unfathomable! During
‘ these awful reflections I heard a step come
‘ heavily forward. Ah, this is the great man
‘ himself! No, it was only a chambermaid.
‘ Another foot was heard soon after. This
‘ must be He! No, it was only the great man’s
‘ valet de chambre. At last his lordship actually
‘ made his appearance. Are you, cried he, the
‘ bearer of this here letter? I answered with a
‘ bow. I learn by this, continued he, as how
‘ that — But just at that instant a servant de-
‘ livered him a card, and without taking far-
‘ ther notice, he went out of the room, and
‘ left me to digest my own happiness at leisure.
‘ I saw no more of him, till told by a footman
‘ that his lordship was going to his coach at the
‘ door. Down I immediately followed, and
‘ joined my voice to that of three or four more,
‘ who came, like me, to petition for fav-
‘ ours. His lordship, however, went too fast
‘ for us, and was gaining his chariot door with
‘ large strides, when I hallowed out to know
‘ if I was to have any reply. He was by this

‘ time gót in, and múttered an ánsWer, hàlf
‘ of which only I héard, the other hàlf was
‘ lost in the ráttling of his cháriot wheels. I
‘ stòod for some time with my neck strétched
‘ out, in the pòsture of one that was lístening
‘ to catch the glòrious sounds, till lóoking
‘ round me, I found myself alòne at his lord-
‘ ship’s gáte.

‘ My pàtience,’ contínued my son, ‘ was
‘ now quite exhàusted: stung with the thoù-
‘ sand indígnities I had mét with, I was wíl-
‘ ling to cast myself awày, and only wánted
‘ the gulph to recèive me. I regàrded myself
‘ as one of those vîle things that náture desígned
‘ shòuld be thròwn by into her lúmber room,
‘ there to pérish in obscùrity. I had stíll, how-
‘ éver, half a guínea left, and of that I thought
‘ fórtune herself shòuld not depríve me: but
‘ in òrder to be sùre of this, I was resólvèd to
‘ go íntantly and spend it whíle I had it, and
‘ then trùst to occúrrénces for the rest. As I
‘ was gòing along with this resòlùtion, it háp-
‘ pened that Mr. Crispe’s óffice sèemed invítìng-
‘ ly open to give me a wélcome recéption. In
‘ this óffice Mr. Crispe kíndly offers all his ma-
‘ jesty’s súbjects a generous prómise of 30 l. a
‘ yèar, for which prómise all they give in retúrn
‘ is their líberty for lífe, and permíssion to let
‘ him

him transport them to America as slaves. I was happy at finding a place where I could lose my fears in desperation, and entered this cell, for it had the appearance of one, with the devotion of a monastic. Here I found a number of poor creatures, all in circumstances like myself, expecting the arrival of Mr. Crispe, presenting a true epitome of English impatience. Each untractable soul at variance with fortune, wreaked her injuries on their own hearts; but Mr. Crispe at last came down, and all our murmurs were hushed. He deigned to regard me with an air of peculiar approbation, and indeed he was the first man who for a month past talked to me with smiles. After a few questions, he found I was fit for every thing in the world. He paused a while upon the properest means of providing for me, and flapping his forehead, as if he had found it, assured me, that there was at that time an embassy talked of from the synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would use his interest to get me made secretary. I knew in my own heart that the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly, therefore, divided my half guinea, one half of which went to be added to his thirty thousand pound, and with

‘ the other half I refolved to go the next távern,
‘ to be there more háppy than he.

‘ As I was going out with that refolú-
‘ tion, I was met at the dòor by the cáptain of
‘ a fhip, with whom I had fòrmerly fome little
‘ acquàintance, and he agrèed to be my com-
‘ pánion over a bowl of púnch. As I never
‘ chòse to make a secrét of my círcumftances,
‘ he affùred me that I was upon the véry point
‘ of rùin, in lístening to the óffice-keeper’s pró-
‘ mifes: for that he only defìgned to fell me
‘ to the plantàtions. But, continued he, I fáncy
‘ you mìght, by a much fhorter vòyage, be
‘ very èafily put into a gentèel way of bréad.
‘ Take my advìce. My fhip fails to-mórròw
‘ for ‘Amfterdam: What if you go in hér as a
‘ páffenger? The mòment you land àll you have
‘ to dò is to teach the Dútchmen ‘Englifh, and
‘ I’ll wárrant you’ll get pùpils and móney
‘ enough. I fuppòse you underftand ‘Englifh,
‘ added he, by this tìme, or the deuce is in it.
‘ I cónfidently affùred him of that; but expref-
‘ fed a doubt whether the Dútch would be wil-
‘ ling to learn ‘Englifh. He affirmed with an
‘ òath that they were fónnd of it to diftráction;
‘ and upon that affirmàtion I agrèed with his
‘ propòfal, and embàrked the next day to teach
‘ the Dutch ‘Englifh in Hólland. The wind
‘ was fàir, our vòyage fhört, and after having
‘ pàid

‘ paid my passage with half my moveables, I
‘ found myself, fallen as from the skies, a
‘ stranger in one of the principal streets of ‘Am-
‘ sterдам. In this situation I was unwilling to
‘ let any time pass unemployed in teaching. I
‘ addressed myself therefore to two or three of
‘ those I met, whose appearance seemed most
‘ promising; but it was impossible to make our-
‘ selves mutually understood. It was not till
‘ this very moment I recollected, that in order
‘ to teach Dutchmen ‘English, it was necessary
‘ that they should first teach me Dutch. How
‘ I came to overlook so obvious an objection,
‘ is to me amazing; but certain it is I overlook-
‘ ed it.

‘ This scheme thus blown up, I had some
‘ thoughts of fairly shipping back to England
‘ again; but happening into company with an
‘ Irish student, who was returning from Lóuv-
‘ ain, our conversation turning upon topics of
‘ literature, (for by the way it may be obser-
‘ ved, that I always forgot the meanness of my
‘ circumstances when I could converse upon
‘ such subjects) from him I learned that there
‘ were not two men in his whole university
‘ who understood Greek. This amazed me.
‘ I instantly resolved to travel to Lóuvain, and
‘ there live by teaching Grèek; and in this de-
‘ sign I was heartened by my brother student,

‘ who threw out some hints that a fortune might
 ‘ be got by it.

‘ I set boldly forward, the next morning.
 ‘ Every day lessened the burthen of my moveables,
 ‘ like Aesop and his basket of bread; for
 ‘ I paid them for my lodgings to the Dutch as
 ‘ I travelled on. When I came to Louvain, I
 ‘ was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower
 ‘ professors, but openly tendered my talents to
 ‘ the principal himself. I went, had admittance,
 ‘ and offered him my service as a master of the
 ‘ Greek language, which I had been told was
 ‘ a desideratum in his university. The principal
 ‘ seemed at first to doubt of my abilities;
 ‘ but of these I offered to convince him, by
 ‘ turning a part of any Greek author he should
 ‘ fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly
 ‘ earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus:
 ‘ You see me, young man, continued he; I
 ‘ never learned Greek, and I don’t find that I
 ‘ have ever missed it. I have had a doctor’s
 ‘ cap and gown without Greek: I have ten
 ‘ thousand florins a year without Greek; I eat
 ‘ heartily without Greek; and in short, continued
 ‘ he, as I don’t know Greek, I do not
 ‘ believe there is any good in it.

‘ I was now too far from home to think
 ‘ of returning; so I resolved to go forward.
 ‘ I had some knowledge of music, with a toler-
 ‘ able

‘ able vòice, and noù turned what was ónce
‘ my amùsement into a présent mèans of sub-
‘ sistence. I passèd amóng the hàrmless peasants
‘ of Flánders, and amóng such of the Frénch as
‘ were poor enóugh to be véry merry; for I
‘ éver found them sprìghtly in propòrtion to
‘ their wánts. Whenéver I appròached a pèa-
‘ fant’s house, tówards night-fall, I plàyed one
‘ of my most mérry tunes, and that procùred
‘ me not only a lódging, but subsistence for the
‘ next dày. I once or twice attétempted to play
‘ for pèople of fàshion; but they àlways thought
‘ my perfòrmance ódious, and never rewàrded
‘ me even with a trifle. This was to me the
‘ mòre extraórdinary, as whenéver I ùsed in
‘ bétter days to play for cómpany, when plàying
‘ was my amùsement, my mùsic never fáiled
‘ to thròw them into ráptures, and the làdies
‘ espècially; but as it was noù my only mèans,
‘ it was recèived with contémt; a proof how
‘ réady the world is to únder rate thòse tálents
‘ by which a man is suppòrted.

‘ In this mánner I procèeded to Páris,
‘ with no desìgn but just to lóok about me,
‘ and then to go fòrward. The pèople of Paris
‘ are much fónder of stràngers that have móney,
‘ than of thòse that have wít. As I could not
‘ bòast much of èither, I was no great fávou-
‘ rite. After wàlking about the tòwn four or
‘ five

‘ five dàys, and seeing the outsidés of the best
‘ houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat
‘ of venal hospitalitày, when passing through
‘ one of the principal strèets, whom should I
‘ mèet but our cóusin, to whom you first re-
‘ comméded me. This mèeting was very
‘ agréèable to me, and I believe not displèasing
‘ to him. He enquired into the nature of my
‘ jòurney to Páris, and infòrmed me of his own
‘ búsinèss there, which was to cóllèct píctures,
‘ médals, intáglios, and antíques of all kìnds,
‘ for a gèntleman in Lóndon, who had just
‘ stépt into tàste and a large fòrtune. I was the
‘ mòre surprised at seeing our cóusin pitched
‘ upon for this óffice, as he himsèlf had often
‘ assùred me he knèw nothing of the mätter.
‘ Upon ásking how he had been tàught the art
‘ of a connoiscénto so very súddenly, he assùred
‘ me that nothing was more èasy. The whole
‘ sécret consisted in a strict adhèrence to twò
‘ rùles: the one always to obsèrve, that the
‘ pícture might have been bétter if the pàinter
‘ had taken more pàins; and the óther, to pràise
‘ the works of Pìetro Perugìno. But, sàys he,
‘ as I ónce taught you hòw to be an àuthor in
‘ Lóndon, I’ll now undertàke to instrúct you in
‘ the art of pícture buying at Páris.

‘ With this propòsal I very réadily clòsed,
‘ as it was lìving, and now àll my ambition
‘ was

‘ was to live. I went therefore to his lodgings,
‘ improved my dress by his assistance, and after
‘ some time, accompanied him to auctions of
‘ pictures, where the English gentry were ex-
‘ pected to be purchasers. I was not a little
‘ surprised at his intimacy with people of the
‘ best fashion, who referred themselves to his
‘ judgment upon every picture or medal, as to
‘ an unerring standard of taste. He made very
‘ good use of my assistance upon these occasions;
‘ for when asked his opinion, he would gra-
‘ vely take me aside, and ask mine, shrug,
‘ look wise, return, and assure the company,
‘ that he could give no opinion upon an affair
‘ of so much importance. Yet there was so-
‘ metimes an occasion for a more supported as-
‘ surance. I remember to have seen him, after
‘ giving his opinion that the colouring of a
‘ picture was not mellow enough, very deli-
‘ berately take a brush with brown varnish,
‘ that was accidentally lying by, and rub it
‘ over the piece with great composure before
‘ all the company, and then ask if he had not
‘ improved the tints.

‘ When he had finished his commission
‘ in Paris, he left me strongly recommended to
‘ several men of distinction, as a person very
‘ proper for a travelling tutor; and after some
‘ time I was employed in that capacity by a
‘ gent-

gentleman who brought his ward to Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour through Europe. I was to be the young gentleman's governor, but with a proviso that he should always be permitted to govern himself. My pupil in fact understood the art of guiding, in money concerns, much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West-Indies; and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion: all his questions on the road were how money might be saved; which was the least expensive course of travel; whether any thing could be bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London. Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing he was ready enough to look at; but if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not observe, how amazingly expensive travelling was, and all this tho' he was not yet twenty-one. When arrived at Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at the port and shipping, he enquired the expence of the passage by sea home to England. This he was informed was but a trifle, compared

'pared to his returning by land, he was there-
 'fore unable to withstand the temptation; so
 'paying me the small part of my salary that
 'was due, he took leave, and embarked with
 'only one attendant for London.

' I now therefore was left once more
 ' upon the world at large; but then it was a
 ' thing I was used to. However my skill in
 ' music could avail me nothing in a country
 ' where every peasant was a better musician
 ' than I; but by this time I had acquired another
 ' talent, which answered my purpose as well,
 ' and this was skill in disputation. In all the
 ' foreign universities and convents, there are
 ' upon certain days philosophical theses main-
 ' tained against every adventitious disputant;
 ' for which, if the champion opposes with any
 ' dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money,
 ' a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this man-
 ' ner therefore I fought my way towards
 ' England, walked along from city to city,
 ' examined mankind more nearly, and, if I
 ' may so express it, saw both sides of the picture.
 ' My remarks, however, are but few: I found
 ' that monarchy was the best government for
 ' the poor to live in, and commonwealths for
 ' the rich. I found that riches in general were
 ' in every country another name for freedom;
 ' and that no man is so fond of liberty himself
 ' as

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‘ as not be desirous of subjecting the will of
‘ some individuals in society to his own.

‘ Upon my arrival in England I resolved
‘ to pay my respects first to you, and then to
‘ enlist as a volunteer in the first expedition that
‘ was going forward; but on my journey down
‘ my resolutions were changed, by meeting an
‘ old acquaintance, who I found belonged to a
‘ company of comedians, that were going to
‘ make a summer campaign in the country. The
‘ company seemed not much to disapprove of
‘ me for an associate. They all, however, ap-
‘ prized me of the importance of the task at
‘ which I aimed; that the public was a many
‘ headed monster, and that only such as had
‘ very good heads could please it: that acting
‘ was not to be learnt in a day; and that with-
‘ out some traditional shrugs, which had been
‘ on the stage, and only on the stage, these
‘ hundred years, I could never pretend to please.
‘ The next difficulty was in fitting me with
‘ parts, as almost every character was in keeping.
‘ I was driven for some time from one charac-
‘ ter to another, till at last Horatio was fixed
‘ upon, which the presence of the present com-
‘ pany has happily hindered me from acting.’

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

The short continuance of friendship amongst the vicious, which is coeval only with mutual satisfaction.

MY son's account was too long to be delivered at once the first part of it was begun that night, and he was concluding the rest after dinner the next day, when the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at the door seemed to make a pause in the general satisfaction. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me with a whisper, that the 'Squire had already made some overtures to Miss Wilmot, and that her aunt and uncle seemed highly to approve the match. Upon Mr. Thornhill's entering, he seemed, at seeing my son and me, to start back; but I readily imputed that to surprise, and not displeasure. However, upon our advancing to salute him, he returned our greeting with the most apparent candour; and after a short time his presence served only to encrease the general good humour.

After tea he called me aside, to enquire after my daughter; but upon my informing him that my enquiry was unsuccessful, he seemed greatly surprized; adding, that he had

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been

been since frequently at my house, in order to comfort the rest of my family, whom he left perfectly well. He then asked if I had communicated her misfortune to Miss Wilmot, or my son; and upon my replying that I had not told them as yet, he greatly approved my prudence and precaution, desiring me by all means to keep it a secret: 'For at best,' cried he, it is but divulging one's own infamy; and perhaps Miss Livy may not be so guilty as we all imagine.' We were here interrupted by a servant, who came to ask the 'Squire in, to stand up at country dances; so that he left me quite pleased with the interest he seemed to take in my concerns. His addresses, however, to Miss Wilmot, were too obvious to be mistaken: and yet she seemed not perfectly pleased, but bore them rather in compliance to the will of her aunt, than from real inclination. I had even the satisfaction to see her lavish some kind looks upon my unfortunate son, which the other could neither extort by his fortune nor assiduity. Mr. Thornhill's seeming composure, however, not a little surprised me: we had now continued here a week, at the pressing instances of Mr. Arnold; but each day the more tenderness Miss Wilmot shewed my son, Mr. Thornhill's friendship seemed proportionably to encrease for him.

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He had formerly made us the most kind assurances of using his interest to serve the family; but now his generosity was not confined to promises alone: the morning I designed for my departure, Mr. Thornhill came to me with looks of real pleasure to inform me of a piece of service he had done for his friend George. This was nothing less than his having procured him an ensign's commission in one of the regiments that was going to the West Indies, for which he had promised but one hundred pounds, his interest having been sufficient to get an abatement of the other two. 'As for this trifling piece of service,' continued the young gentleman, 'I desire no other reward but the pleasure of having served my friend; and as for the hundred pound to be paid, if you are unable to raise it yourselves, I will advance it, and you shall repay me at your leisure.' This was a favour we wanted words to express our sense of: I readily therefore gave my bond for the money, and testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to pay.

George was to depart for town the next day to secure his commission in pursuance of his generous patron's directions, who judged it highly expedient to use dispatch lest in the mean time another should step in with more advantageous proposals. The next morning,

therefore, our young soldier was early prepared for his departure, and seemed the only person among us that was not affected by it. Neither the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter, nor the friends and mistress, for Miss Wilmot actually loved him, he was leaving behind, any way damped his spirits. After he had taken leave of the rest of the company, I gave him all I had, my blessing. ‘And now, my boy,’ cried I, ‘thou art going to fight for thy country, remember how thy brave grandfather, fought for his sacred king, when loyalty among Britons was a virtue. Go, my boy, and imitate him in all but his misfortunes, if it was a misfortune to die with Lord Falkland. Go, my boy, and if you fall, though distant, exposed and unwept by those that love you, the most precious tears are those with which heaven bedews the unburied head of a soldier.’

The next morning I took leave of the good family, that had been kind enough to entertain me so long, not without several expressions of gratitude to Mr. Thornhill for his late bounty. I left them in the enjoyment of all that happiness which affluence and good breeding procure, and returned towards home, despairing of ever finding my daughter more, but sending a sigh to heaven to spare and to forgive

give her. I was now come within about twenty miles of home, having hired an horse to carry me, as I was yet but weak, and comforted myself with the hopes of soon seeing all I held dearest upon earth. But the night coming on, I put up at a little public-house by the road side, and asked for the landlord's company over a pint of wine. We sat beside his kitchen fire, which was the best room in the house, and chatted on politics and the news of the country. We happened, among other topics, to talk of young 'Squire Thornhill, who the host assured me was hated as much as his uncle Sir William, who sometimes came down to the country, was loved. He went on to observe, that he made it his whole study to betray the daughters of such as received him to their houses, and after a fortnight or three weeks possession, turned them out unrewarded and abandoned to the world. As we continued our discourse in this manner, his wife, who had been out to get change, returned, and perceiving that her husband was enjoying a pleasure in which she was not a sharer, she asked him, in an angry tone, what he did there, to which he only replied in an ironical way, by drinking her health. 'Mr. Symmonds,' cried she, 'you use me very ill, and I'll bear it no longer. Here three parts of the business is left for me

‘ to dò, and the fòurth left unfinished; while
‘ you do nóthing but fòak with the guésts all
‘ dày long, whéreas if a spòonful of líquor were
‘ to cùre me of a fèver, I néver touch a dróp.’
I now fòund what fhe wòuld be át, and immè-
diately pòured her out a gláfs, which fhe re-
cèived with a cùrtesy, and drinking tówards
my good héalth, ‘ Sir,’ refùmed fhe, ‘ it is not
‘ so mùch for the válué of the líquor I am
‘ ángry, but one cánnòt help it, when the hòuse
‘ is going out of the wíndows. If the cústo-
‘ mers or guésts àre to be dúnned, all the
‘ búrthen lies upon my báck, hè’d as lief èat
‘ that gláfs as búdge after them himsélf. There
‘ nòw above stàirs, we have a young wòman
‘ who has cóme to take up her lódgings here,
‘ and I don’t believe fhe has got any móney
‘ by her over-civíity. I am cértain fhe is very
‘ flow of pàyment, and I wísh fhe were put
‘ in mínd of it.’ — ‘ What sígnifies mínding
‘ her,’ cried the hòst, ‘ if fhe be flòw fhe is
‘ fùre.’ — ‘ I don’t knòw that,’ replied the
‘ wífe; ‘ but I knòw that I am fùre fhe has
‘ been here a fòrtnight, and we have not yet
‘ seen the crófs of her móney.’ — ‘ I suppòse,
‘ my dèar,’ cried he, ‘ we fhall have it àll in
‘ a lúmp.’ — ‘ In a lúmp!’ cried the óther,
‘ I hòpe we may get it ány way; and that I
‘ am refòlved we will this very nìght, or out
‘ fhe

‘the tramps, bag and baggage.’ — Consider,
‘my dear,’ cried the husband, ‘he is a gentle-
‘woman, and deserves more respect.’ —
‘As for the matter of that,’ returned the
‘hostess, ‘gentle or simple, out she shall pack
‘with a fassarara, Gentry may be good things
‘where they take; but for my part I never
‘saw much good of them at the sign of the
‘Harrow.’ — Thus saying, she ran up a
narrow flight of stairs, that went from the
kitchen to a room over head, and I soon per-
ceived by the loudness of her voice, and the
bitterness of her reproaches, that no money
was to be had from her lodger. I could hear
her remonstrances very distinctly: ‘Out I say,
‘pack out this moment, tramp thou infamous
‘strumpet, or I’ll give thee a mark thou won’t
‘be the better for this three months. What!
‘you trumpery, to come and take up an honest
‘house, without cross or coin to bless your-
‘self with; come along I say.’ — ‘O dear
‘madam,’ cried the stranger, ‘pity me, pity
‘a poor abandoned creature for one night, and
‘death will soon do the rest.’ — I instantly
knew the voice of my poor ruined child Olivia.
I flew to her rescue, while the woman was
dragging her along by the hair, and I caught
the dear forlorn wretch in my arms. — ‘Wél-
‘come, any way welcome, my dearest lost

‘ One, my tréasure, to your poor old fàther’s
‘ bósom. Though the vicious forsàke thee,
‘ there is yet óne in the wórld that will never
‘ forsàke thee; tho’ thou hadst ten thòusand
‘ crimes to ánsWer for, he will forget them
‘ àll.’ — ‘ O my own dèar,’ — for mínutes
she could no mòre — ‘ my own dèarest good
‘ papa! Could àngels be kìnder! How do I de-
‘ sèrve so múch! The víllain, I hate him and
‘ mysélf, to be a repròach to such gòodness.
‘ You can’t forgíve me. I know you cànnot.’ —
‘ Yes, my chìld, from my héart I do forgíve
‘ thee! Only repént, and we both shàll yet be
‘ háppy. We shàll see many pléasant days yet,
‘ my ‘Olivia!’ — ‘ Ah! néver, sír, néver.
‘ The rest of my wrétched life must be ínfamy
‘ abròad and shàme at hòme. But, alas! pápa,
‘ you look much pàler than you ùsed to do.
‘ Could such a thíng as I am gíve you so much
‘ unèasíness? Sure you have too much wísdóm
‘ to tàke the míseries of my guilt upon yóur-
‘ self.’ — ‘ Our wísdóm, young wòman,’ re-
plied I. — ‘ Ah, why so còld a name, pápa?’
cried she. ‘ This is the first tíme you ever
‘ càlled me by so còld a nàme.’ — ‘ I ask
‘ pàrdon, my dàrling,’ retúrned I; ‘ but I was
‘ going to observe, that wísdóm makes but a
‘ flòw defénce against tróuble, though at lást
‘ a sùre one.’

The

The landlady now returned to know if we did not chuse a more genteel apartment, to which assenting, we were shewn a room where we could converse more freely. After we had talked ourselves into some degree of tranquillity, I could not avoid desiring some account of the gradations that led to her present wretched situation. ‘That villain, sir,’ said she, ‘from the first day of our meeting made me honourable, though private, proposals.’

‘Villain indeed,’ cried I; ‘and yet it in some measure surprizes me, how a person of Mr. Burchell’s good sense and seeming honour could be guilty of such deliberate baseness, and thus step into a family to undo it.’

‘My dear papa,’ returned my daughter, ‘you labour under a strange mistake, Mr. Burchell never attempted to deceive me. Instead of that he took every opportunity of privately admonishing me against the artifices of Mr. Thornhill, who I now find was even worse than he represented him.’ — ‘Mr. Thornhill,’ interrupted I, ‘can it be?’ ‘Yes, Sir,’ returned she, ‘it was Mr. Thornhill who seduced me, who employed the two ladies, as he called them, but who, in fact, were abandoned women of the town, without breeding or pity, to decoy us up to London. Their artifices, you may remember would

‘ have certainly succeeded, but for Mr. Burchell’s
‘ letter, who directed those reproaches at them,
‘ which we all applied to ourselves. How he
‘ came to have so much influence as to defeat
‘ their intentions, still remains a secret to me;
‘ but I am convinced he was ever our warmest
‘ sincerest friend.’

‘ You amaze me, my dear,’ cried I; ‘ but
‘ now I find my first suspicions of Mr. Thorn-
‘ hill’s baseness were too well grounded: but
‘ he can triumph in security; for he is rich
‘ and we are poor. But tell me, my child,
‘ sure it was no small temptation that could thus
‘ obliterate all the impressions of such an edu-
‘ cation, and so virtuous a disposition as thine?’

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ replied she, ‘ he owes all
‘ his triumph to the desire I had of making him,
‘ and not myself, happy. I knew that the cé-
‘ remony of our marriage, which was privately
‘ performed by a popish priest, was no way
‘ binding, and that I had nothing to trust to
‘ but his honour.’ ‘ What,’ interrupted I, ‘ and
‘ were you indeed married by a priest, and in
‘ orders?’ — ‘ Indeed, Sir, we were,’ re-
‘ plied she, ‘ though we were both sworn to
‘ conceal his name.’ — ‘ Why then, my child,
‘ come to my arms again, and now you are a
‘ thousand times more welcome than before;
‘ for you are now his wife to all intents and
‘ pur-

‘ púrposes ; nor can àll the làws of man, though
‘ wríttén upon tables of ádamant, lessén the
‘ fòrce of that sacred connéxion,’

‘ Alas, Pápa,, replíed she, ‘ you àre but
‘ little acquàinted with his víllanies: he has
‘ been márried àlready, by the same priest, to
‘ six or èight wives mòre, whom, líke me, he
‘ has decèived and abándoned,’

‘ Has he sò?’ cried I, ‘ then we must
‘ hang the priest, and you shall inform against
‘ him to-mórròw,’ — ‘ But Sír,’ retúrned
‘ she, ‘ will that be ríght, when I am sworn
‘ to sécrecy?’ — ‘ My dèar,’ I replíed, ‘ if
‘ you have màde such a prómise, I cànnòt, nor
‘ will I témpť you to brèak it. Even thòugh
‘ it may bènefit the públic, you must not in-
‘ fòrm agàinst him. In all hùman institútions
‘ a smàller evil is allowed to procùre a greater
‘ good; as in pólitics, a próvince may be given
‘ awày to secùre a kíngdom; in médecine, a
‘ limb may be lopt óff, to présérve the bódy.
‘ But in relígion the law is wríttén, and in-
‘ fléxible, *never* to do évil. And this làw, my
‘ child, is ríght: for ótherwise, if we commít
‘ a smàller évil, to procùre a greater gòod,
‘ cértain guilt would be thus incúrred, in ex-
‘ pectàtion of contíngent advántage. And
‘ though the advántage should cértainly fólloù,
‘ yet the ínterval betwèen commissíon and ad-
vàn-

‘ vantage, which is allowed to be guilty, may
‘ be that in which we are called away to answer
‘ for the things we have done, and the
‘ volume of human actions is closed for ever.
‘ But I interrupt you, my dear, go on.’

‘ The very next morning,’ continued she,
‘ I found what little expectations I was to have
‘ from his sincerity. That very morning he
‘ introduced me to two unhappy women more,
‘ whom, like me, he had deceived, but who
‘ lived in contented prostitution. I loved him
‘ too tenderly to bear such rivals in his affec-
‘ tions, and strove to forget my infamy in a
‘ tumult of pleasures. With this view, I danced,
‘ dressed and talked; but still was unhappy.
‘ The gentlemen who visited there told me
‘ every moment of the power of my charms,
‘ and this only contributed to increase my
‘ melancholy, as I had thrown all their power
‘ quite away. Thus each day I grew more
‘ pensive, and he more insolent, till at last the
‘ monster had the assurance to offer me to a
‘ young Baronet of his acquaintance. Need I
‘ describe, Sir, how his ingratitude stung me.
‘ My answer to this proposal was almost madness.
‘ I desired to part. As I was going he
‘ offered me a purse; but I flung it at him with
‘ indignation, and burst from him in a rage,
‘ that for a while kept me insensible of the
‘ mi.

' miseries of my situation. But I soon looked
 ' round me, and saw myself a vile, abject,
 ' guilty thing, without one friend in the world
 ' to apply to. Just in that interval, a stage-
 ' coach happening to pass by, I took a place,
 ' it being my only aim to be driven at a distance
 ' from a wretch I despised and detested. I was
 ' set down here, where, since my arrival, my
 ' own anxiety, and this woman's unkindness,
 ' have been my only companions. The hours
 ' of pleasure that I have passed with my mamma
 ' and sister, now grow painful to me. Their
 ' sorrows are much; but mine is greater than
 ' theirs; for mine are mixed with guilt and
 ' infamy.'

' Have patience, my child,' cried I, and
 ' I hope things will yet be better. Take some
 ' repose to-night, and to-morrow I'll carry you
 ' home to your mother and the rest of the
 ' family, from whom you will receive a kind
 ' reception. Poor woman, this has gone to
 ' her heart: but she loves you still, 'Olivia,
 ' and will forget it.'

CHAP. XXII.

Offences are easily pardoned where there is love at bottom.

TH E next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove, by every persuasion, to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country, through which we passed, to observe how much kinder heaven was to us, than we to each other, and that the misfortunes of nature's making were very few. I assured her, that she should never perceive any change in my affections, and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censures of the world, shewed her that books were sweet unrepröaching companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house, and as I was
wil-

willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage: however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections out-went my haste, and hovered round my little fire-side, with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The labourers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watchdog, at hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near mid-night that I came to knock at my door: all was still and silent:
my

my heart dilated with unutterable happiness, when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration! I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had till this been asleep, and he perceiving the flames, instantly waked my wife and daughter, and all running out, naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror; for the flames had, by this time, caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood, with silent agony, looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them, and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones; but they were not to be seen. O misery! 'Where,' cried I, 'where are my little ones?' — 'They are burnt to death in the flames,' says my wife calmly, 'and I will die with them.' — That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. 'Where, where, are my children?' cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined, 'Where are my little ones?' — 'Here, dear papa, here we are,' cried they to-

together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as possible, while just as I was got out, the roof sunk in. 'Now,' cried I, holding up my children, 'now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are, I have saved my treasure. Here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy.' We kissed our little darlings a thousand times, they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames, and after some time, began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was therefore out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time, the neighbours were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity. My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box, with some papers, that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence, which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbours contributed,

however, what they could to lighten our distresses. They brought us cloaths, and furnished one of our outhouses with kitchen utensils; so that by day-light we had another, though a wretched, dwelling to retire to. My honest next neighbour, and his children, were not the least assiduous in providing us with every thing necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place; having therefore informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one, and though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been more difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride, and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother, whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. ' Ah,
' má-

‘ madam, cried her mother, this is but a poor
 ‘ place you are come to after so much finery.
 ‘ My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little
 ‘ entertainment to persons who have kept com-
 ‘ pany only with people of distinction. ‘ Yes,
 ‘ Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suf-
 ‘ fered very much of late; but I hope heaven
 ‘ will forgive you.’ — During this reception,
 the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling,
 unable to weep or to reply; but I could not
 continue a silent spectator of her distress, whe-
 refore assuming a degree of severity in my voice
 and manner, which was ever followed with
 instant submission, ‘ I entreat, woman, that
 ‘ my words may be now marked once for all:
 ‘ I have here brought you back a poor deluded
 ‘ wanderer; her return to duty demands the
 ‘ revival of our tenderness. The real hardships
 ‘ of life are now coming fast upon us, let us
 ‘ not therefore encrease them by dissention
 ‘ among each other. If we live harmoniously
 ‘ together, we may yet be contented, as there
 ‘ are enough of us to shut out the censuring
 ‘ world, and keep each other in countenance.
 ‘ The kindness of heaven is promised to the pe-
 ‘ nitent, and let ours be directed by the example.
 ‘ Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased
 ‘ to view a repentant sinner, than ninety nine
 ‘ persons who have supported a course of un-

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' déviating réctitude. And this is right; for
 ' that single éffort by which we stop shòrt in
 ' the down-hill path to perdítion, is itself a
 ' grèater exértion of vîrtue, than an húndred
 ' acts of jústice.'

CHAP. XXIII.

None but the guilty can be long and completely miserable.

SOME assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such, as, by amusing the imagination, contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbours too came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist at repairing my former dwelling. Honest farmer Williams was not last among these visitors; but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected them in such a manner as totally repress his future solicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing, and she was the only person of our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety now had taken strong pos-

féssion of her mind, her beauty began to be im-
 paired with her constitution, and neglect still
 more contributed to diminish it. Every tender
 épithet bestowed on her sister brought a pang
 to her héart and a téar to her èye; and as one
 vice, though cured, ever plants óthers where
 it has béen, so her former guilt, though driven
 out by repéntance, left jéalousy and énvý behind.
 I strove a thousand ways to léssen her càre, and
 éven forgót my own pain in a concérn for hér's,
 collécting such amúsing pássages of hístory, as
 a strong mémory and some rèading could sug-
 gést. 'Our háppiness, my déar,' I would sày,
 'is in the poíwer of one who can bring it about
 'a thousand unfóreseen ways, that móck our
 'fóresight. If exámple be necéssary to prove
 'this, I'll give you a stórv, my chíd, told us
 'by a gràve, though sometimes a románcing,
 'hístorian.

'Matílda was márried very young to a
 'Neapólitán nobleman of the fírst quálity, and
 'found herself a wídow and a móther at the
 'age of fífteen. As she stóod one day caréssing
 'her infant son in the open wíndow of an
 'apártment, which hung over the ríver Vol-
 'túrna, the chíd, with a súdden spring, léaped
 'from her arms into the flóod belòw, and disap-
 'pèared in a mòment. The móther, struck
 'with ístant surpríze, and making an éffort
 'to

‘ to save him, plunged in after; but far from
 ‘ being able to assist the infant, she herself with
 ‘ great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore,
 ‘ just when some French soldiers were plunder-
 ‘ ing the country on that side, who immediately
 ‘ made her their prisoner.

‘ As the war was then carried on be-
 ‘ tween the French and Italians with the utmost
 ‘ inhumanity, they were going at once to per-
 ‘ petrate those two extremes, suggested by ap-
 ‘ petite and cruelty. This base resolution,
 ‘ however, was opposed by a young officer,
 ‘ who, though their retreat required the utmost
 ‘ expedition, placed her behind him, and brought
 ‘ her in safety to his native city. Her beauty
 ‘ at first caught his eye, her merit soon after
 ‘ his heart. They were married; he rose to
 ‘ the highest posts; they lived long together,
 ‘ and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier
 ‘ can never be called permanent: after an inter-
 ‘ val of several years, the troops which he
 ‘ commanded having met with a repulse, he
 ‘ was obliged to take shelter in the city where
 ‘ he had lived with his wife. Here they suf-
 ‘ fered a siege, and the city at length was taken.
 ‘ Few histories can produce more various in-
 ‘ stances of cruelty, than those which the French
 ‘ and Italians at that time exercised upon each
 ‘ other. It was resolved by the victors, upon

‘ this occasion, to put all the French prisoners
‘ to death; but particularly the husband of the
‘ unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally
‘ instrumental in protracting the siege. Their
‘ determinations were, in general, executed
‘ almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive
‘ soldier was led forth, and the executioner,
‘ with his sword, stood ready, while the spec-
‘ tators in gloomy silence awaited the fatal
‘ blow, which was only suspended till the gé-
‘ neral, who presided as judge, should give
‘ the signal. It was in this interval of anguish
‘ and expectation, that Matilda came to take
‘ her last farewell of her husband and deliverer,
‘ deploring her wretched situation, and the
‘ cruelty of fate, that had saved her from perish-
‘ ing by a premature death in the river Volturna,
‘ to be the spectator of still greater calamities.
‘ The général, who was a young man, was
‘ struck with surprise at her beauty, and pity
‘ at her distress; but with still stronger emo-
‘ tions when he heard her mention her former
‘ dangers. He was her son, the infant for
‘ whom she had encountered so much danger.
‘ He acknowledged her at once as his mother,
‘ and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily
‘ supposed: the captive was set free, and all
‘ the happiness that love, friendship, and duty
‘ could confer on each, were united.’

In

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter; but she listened with divided attention; for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company she dreaded contempt; and in solitude she only found anxiety. Such was the colour of her wretchedness, when we received certain information, that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took every opportunity before me to express his contempt both of her person and fortune. This news only served to increase poor Olivia's affliction; such a flagrant breach of fidelity, was more than her courage could support. I was resolved, however, to get more certain information, and to defeat, if possible, the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Mr. Wilmot's, with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter, intimating Mr. Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went, in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said,

in a few days, having appeared together at church the Sunday before he was there, in great splendour, the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been seen in the country for many years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the 'Squire's uncle, Sir William Thornhill, who bore so good a character. He added, that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty, and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other; concluding, that he could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

' Why let him if he can,' returned I:
 ' but, my son, observe this bed of straw, and
 ' unsheltering roof; those mouldering walls,
 ' and humid floor; my wretched body thus
 ' disabled by fire, and my children weeping
 ' round me for bread; you have come home,
 ' my child, to all this, yet here, even here, you
 ' see a man that would not for a thousand
 ' worlds exchange situations. O, my children,
 ' if you could but learn to commune with your
 ' own hearts, and know what noble company
 ' you

‘ you can make them, you would little regard
‘ the elegance and splendours of the worthless,
‘ Almost all men have been taught to call life
‘ a passage, and themselves the travellers. The
‘ similitude still may be improved when we
‘ observe that the good are joyful and serene,
‘ like travellers that are going towards home;
‘ the wicked but by intervals happy, like tra-
‘ vellers that are going into exile.’

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had farther to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution: but appearances deceived me; for her tranquillity was the language of overwrought resentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness amongst the rest of the family, nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions, merely to condole with resolute melancholy, or to burthen them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus, once more, the tale went round and the song was demanded, and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

Fresh calamities.

THE next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season; so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honey-suckle bank: where, while we sat, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor 'Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recall her sadness. But that melancholy, which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother too upon this occasion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. 'Do, my pretty 'Olivia,' cried she, 'let us have that little melancholy air your pappa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already obliged us. Do, child, it will please your old father.' She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic, as moved me.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom — is to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice from sorrow gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of punishing her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, enquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. 'Sir,' replied I, 'your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence, for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe; for age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains them.'

'I vow, my dear sir,' returned he, 'I am amazed at all this; nor can I understand what it means! I hope you don't think your daughter's late excursion with me had any thing criminal in it.'

'Go,' cried I, 'thou art a wretch, a poor pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; but
' your

‘ your meanness secures you from my anger!
 ‘ Yet sir, I am descended from a family that
 ‘ would not have borne this! And so, thou vile
 ‘ thing, to gratify a momentary passion, thou
 ‘ hast made one poor creature wretched for
 ‘ life, and polluted a family that had nothing
 ‘ but honour for their portion.’

‘ If she or you,’ returned he, ‘ are resolved
 ‘ to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you
 ‘ may still be happy; and whatever opinion you
 ‘ may have formed of me, you shall ever find
 ‘ me ready to contribute to it. We can marry
 ‘ her to another in a short time, and what is
 ‘ more, she may keep her lover beside; for I
 ‘ protest I shall ever continue to have a true
 ‘ regard for her.’

I found all my passions alarmed at this new
 degrading proposal; for though the mind may
 often be calm under great injuries, little villainy
 can at any time get within the soul, and turn
 it into rage. — ‘ Avoid my sight, thou reptile,’
 cried I, ‘ nor continue to insult me with thy
 ‘ presence. Were my brave son at home, he
 ‘ would not suffer this; but I am old, and dis-
 ‘ abled, and every way undone.’

‘ I find,’ cried he, ‘ you are bent upon
 ‘ obliging me to talk in an harsher manner than
 ‘ I intended. But as I have shewn you what
 ‘ may be hoped from my friendship, it may
 ‘ not

' not be impróper to represent what may be
 ' the conséquences of my resentment. My at-
 ' torney, to whom your late bond has been
 ' transférréd, threatens hard, nor do I know
 ' how to prevent the course of justice, except
 ' by paying the money myself; which, as I
 ' have been at some expences lately, prévious
 ' to my inténded marriage, is not so easy to be
 ' done. And then my steward talks of driving
 ' for the rént: it is certain he knows his duty;
 ' for I néver trouble myself with affairs of that
 ' nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you,
 ' and even to have you and your daughter pre-
 ' sent at my marriage, which is shórtly to be
 ' sólemnized with Miss Wílmot; it is even the
 ' request of my charming Arabella herself,
 ' whom I hope you will not refuse.'

' Mr. Thórnhill,' replied I, 'hear me
 ' ónce for all: as to your marriage with any
 ' but my daughter, that I néver will consent
 ' to; and though your friendship could raise
 ' me to a thróne, or your resentment sink me
 ' to the gráve, yet would I despise both. Thou
 ' hast ónce wofully, irréparably, deceived me.
 ' I repósed my heart upon thine hónor, and
 ' have found its baseness. Néver móre, thére-
 ' fore, expect friendship from me. Go, and
 ' posséss what fórtune has given thee, beauté,
 ' riches, héalth, and pléasure. Go, and leave
 ' me

‘ me to want, infamy, disease and sorrow. Yet
 ‘ humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity, and though thou hast my
 ‘ forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt.’

‘ If so,’ returned he, ‘ depend upon it
 ‘ you shall feel the effects of this insolence,
 ‘ and we shall shortly see which is the fittest
 ‘ object of scorn, you or me’ — Upon which
 he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at this interview, seemed terrified with the apprehension. My daughters also, finding that he was gone, came out to be informed of the result of our conference, which, when known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his malevolence: he had already struck the blow, and now I stood prepared to repel every new effort. Like one of those instruments used in the art of war, which, however thrown, still presents a point to receive the enemy.

We soon, however, found that he had not threatened in vain; for the very next morning his steward came to demand my annual rent, which, by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to pay. The consequence of my incapacity was his driving my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day

day for less than half their value. My wife and children now therefore entreated me to comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little eloquence to paint the calamities I was going to endure: The terrors of a prison in so rigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health from the late accident that happened by the fire. But I continued inflexible.

‘Why, my treasures,’ cried I, ‘why will you thus attempt to persuade me to the thing that is not right! My duty has taught me to forgive him; but my conscience will not permit me to approve. Would you have me applaud to the world what my heart must internally condemn? Would you have me tamely sit down and flatter our infamous betrayer; and to avoid a prison continually suffer the more galling bonds of mental confinement! No, never. If we are to be taken from this abode, only let us hold to the right, and where-ever we are thrown, we can still retire to a charming apartment, when we can look round our own hearts with intrepidity and with pleasure!’

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen

in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in clearing it away, and opening a passage before the door. He had not been thus engaged long, when he came running in, with looks all pale, to tell us that two strangers, whom he knew to be officers of justice, were making towards the house.

Just as he spoke they came in, and approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their prisoner, bidding me prepare to go with them to the county gaol, which was eleven miles off.

‘ My friends’, said I, ‘ this is severe weather
 ‘ in which you have come to take me to a pri-
 ‘ son; and it is particularly unfortunate at this
 ‘ time, as one of my arms has lately been burnt
 ‘ in a terrible manner, and it has thrown me
 ‘ into a flight fever, and I want cloaths to co-
 ‘ ver me, and I am now too weak and old
 ‘ to walk far in such deep snow: but if it must
 ‘ be so —

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place. I entreated them to be expeditious, and desired my son to assist his elder sister, who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was
 fallen

fallen and had lost anguish in insensibility. I encouraged my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped our affrighted little ones in her arms, that clung to her bosom in silence, dreading to look round at the strangers. In the meantime my youngest daughter prepared for our departure, and as she received several hints to use dispatch, in about an hour we were ready to depart,

CHAP. XXV.

*No situàtion, howéver wretched it sèems,
but has some sort of cómfort attend-
ing it.*

WE set fòrward from this pèaceful neigh-
bourhood, and wàlked on flòwly. My
eldest dàughter being enfèebled by a flow fèver,
which had begùn for some days to underminè
her constitution, one of the ófficers, who had
an hòrse, kindly took her behind him; for éven
these men cannot entirely divest themselves of
humánity. My son led one of the little ónes
by the hánd, and my wífe the óther; while I
lèaned upon my youngest gírl, whose tèars fell
not for her òwn but my distrésses.

We were now gót from my late dwél-
ling about twò miles, when we sàw a croùd
running and shòuting behind us, consisting of
about fifty of my pòorest paríshioners. These,
with dréadful imprecàtions, soon sèized upon
the two ófficers of jústice, and swèaring they
would néver see their mínister go to gàol while
they had a drop of blóod to shéd in his defénce,
were going to ùse them with great sévérité.
The conséquence might have been fàtal, had I
not immèdiately interpòsed, and with some dif-
ficulty

ficulty réscued the ófficers from the hands of the enràged múltitude. My chíldren, who lóoked upon my delívery now as cértain, appeared transpórted with jòy, and were incápable of contémaining their ráptures. But they were sòon undeceíved, upon hèaring me address the poor delùded pèople, who càme, as they imàgined, to do me sèrvíce,

‘ What! my fríends,’ cried I, ‘ and is
 ‘ this the wáy you lóve me! Is this the mán-
 ‘ ner you obey the instrúctions I have gíven
 ‘ you from the púlpit! Thus to fly in the face
 ‘ of jústice, and bring dówn rùin on yóursélves
 ‘ and mè! Which is your ringlèader? Shew
 ‘ me the mán that has thus sedùced you. As
 ‘ sùre as he líves he shàll feel my reséntment.
 ‘ Alas! my dèar delùded flock, return back to
 ‘ the dùty you owe to Gód, to yóur cóuntry,
 ‘ and to mè. I shàll yet perhaps óne day see
 ‘ you in greater felicity here, and contríbute
 ‘ to make yóur líves more háppy. But let it
 ‘ at lèast be my cómfort when I pen my fòld
 ‘ for immortálicity, that not one hère shàll be
 ‘ wánting.’

They now sèemed all repéntance, and melting into tèars, came one áfter the other to bid me fàrewell. I shòok èach tenderly by the hánd, and lèaving them my bléssing, procèeded forward withòut meeting any farther interrúption.

tion. Some hours before night we reached the town, or rather village; for it consisted but of a few mean houses, having lost all its former opulence, and retaining no marks of its ancient superiority but the gaol.

Upon entering, we put up at an inn, where we had such refreshments as could most readily be procured, and I supped with my family with my usual cheerfulness. After seeing them properly accommodated for that night, I next attended the sheriff's officers to the prison, which had formerly been built for the purposes of war, and consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated, and paved with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four and twenty. Besides this, every prisoner had a separate cell, where he was locked in for the night.

I expected upon my entrance to find nothing but lamentations, and various sounds of misery; but it was very different. The prisoners seemed all employed in one common design, that of forgetting thought in merriment or clamour. I was apprized of the usual perquisite required upon these occasions, and immediately complied with the demand, though the little money I had was very near being all exhausted. This was immediately sent away
for

for liquor, and the whole prison was soon filled with riot, laughter, and prophaneities.

‘How,’ cried I to myself, ‘shall men
‘so very wicked be cheerful, and shall I be
‘melancholy! I feel only the same confinement
‘with them, and I think I have more reason
‘to be happy.’

With such reflections I laboured to become cheerful; but cheerfulness was never yet produced by effort, which is itself painful. As I was sitting therefore in a corner of the gaol, in a pensive posture, one of my fellow prisoners came up, and sitting by me, entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it: for if good I might profit by his instruction; if bad, he might be assisted by mine, I found this to be a knowing man, of strong unlettered sense; but a thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called, or, more properly speaking, of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken care to provide myself with a bed, which was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

‘That’s unfortunate,’ cried he, ‘as you
‘are allowed here nothing but straw, and your
‘apartment is very large and cold. However
‘you seem to be something of a gentleman,
‘and as I have been one myself in my time,

‘ part of my béd cloaths are héartily at your
‘ sérvíce.’

I thánked him, proféssing my surprize at finding such humanity in a gaol in mísfortunes; ádding, to let him sée that I was a schólar,
‘ That the sage áncient sèemed to understánd
‘ the válué of cómpány in afflíction, when he
‘ sàid, Ton kosman aire, ei dos ton etairon;
‘ and in fáct,’ contínued I, ‘ what is the wórld
‘ if it affords only sólitude?’

‘ You tàlk of the world, Sir,’ retúrned my féllow prísoner; ‘ *the world is in its dótage,*
‘ *and yet the cosmógony or création of the world*
‘ *has púzzled the philósophers of évery age. What*
‘ *a médley of opínions have they not broùched*
‘ *upon the création of the wórld. Sanconiáthon,*
‘ *Manétbo, Beròsus, and Ocellus Lucanus have*
‘ *all attétempted it in v àin. The látter has these*
‘ *wórds, Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan,*
‘ *which implies*’ — ‘ I ask pàrdon, Sir,’ cried I,
‘ for interrúpting so much léárning; but I
‘ think I have héárd all this befóre. Have I
‘ not had the pléasure of once sèeing you at
‘ Wélbridge fair, and is not your nàme Ephraim
‘ Jénkinson?’ At this demánd he only fìghed.
‘ I suppòse you must recóllect,’ resùmed I, ‘ one
‘ Doctor Prímrose, from whom you bòught a
‘ hòrse.’

He

He now at once recollected me; for the gloominess of the place and the approaching night had prevented his distinguishing my features before. — ‘Yes, Sir,’ returned Mr. Jenkinson, ‘I remember you perfectly well; I bought an horse, but forgot to pay for him. Your neighbour Flamborough is the only prosecutor I am any way afraid of at the next assizes: for he intends to swear positively against me as a coiner. I am heartily sorry, Sir, I ever deceived you, or indeed any man; for you see,’ continued he, shewing his shackles, ‘what my tricks have brought me to.’

‘Well, sir,’ replied I, ‘your kindness in offering me assistance, when you could expect no return, shall be repaid with my endeavours to soften or totally suppress Mr. Flamborough’s evidence, and I will send my son to him for that purpose the first opportunity; nor do I in the least doubt but he will comply with my request, and as to my own evidence, you need be under no uneasiness about that.’

‘Well, sir,’ cried he, ‘all the return I can make shall be yours. You shall have more than half my bed-cloaths to night, and I’ll take care to stand your friend in the prison, where I think I have some influence.’

I thanked him, and could not avoid being surprised at the présent youthful change in his aspect; for at the time I had seen him before he appeared at least sixty. — ‘Sir,’ answered he, ‘you are little acquainted with the world; I had at that time false hair, and have learnt the art of counterfeiting every age from seventeen to seventy. Ah sir, had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade, that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day. But rogue as I am, still I may be your friend, and that perhaps when you least expect it.’

We were now prevented from further conversation, by the arrival of the gaoler’s servants, who came to call over the prisoners names, and lock up for the night. A fellow also, with a bundle of straw for my bed attended, who led me along a dark narrow passage into a room paved like the common prison, and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the cloaths given me by my fellow prisoner; which done, my conductor, who was civil enough, bade me a good-night. After my usual meditations, and having praised my heavenly corrector, I laid myself down and slept with the utmost tranquillity till morning.

CHAP. XXVI.

A reformation in the gàol. To make laws complete, they should reward as well as punish.

THE next morning early I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bed side. The gloomy strength of every thing about-us, it seems, had daunted them. I gently rebuked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tranquillity, and next enquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them. They informed me that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had increased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to send my son to procure a room or two to lodge the family in, as near the prison as conveniently could be found. He obeyed; but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expence, for his mother and sisters, the gàoler with humanity consenting to let him and his two little brothers lie in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing however previously to

to

to know whether my little children chose to lie in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

‘ Well,’ cried I, ‘ my good boys, how do you like your bed? I hope you are not afraid to lie in this room, dark as it appears.’

‘ No, pápa,’ says Dick, ‘ I am not afraid to lie any where where you are.’

‘ And I,’ says Bill, who was yet but four years old, ‘ love every place best that my papa is in.’

After this, I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly directed to watch her declining sister’s health; my wife was to attend me; my little boys were to read to me: ‘ And as for you, my son,’ continued I, ‘ it is by the labour of your hands we must all hope to be supported. Your wages, as a day-labourer, will be full sufficient, with proper frugality, to maintain us all, and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen years old, and hast strength, and it was given thee, my son, for very useful purposes; for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare then this evening to look out for work against to-morrow, and bring home every night what money you earn, for our support.’

Having

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there when the execrations, lewdness, and brutality that invaded me on every side, drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some time, pondering upon the strange infatuation of wretches, who finding all mankind in open arms against them, were, labouring to make themselves a future and a tremendous enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion, and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind. It even appeared a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved therefore once more to return, and in spite of their contempt to give them my advice, and conquer them by perseverance. Going therefore among them again, I informed Mr. Jenkinson of my design, at which he laughed heartily, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest good-humour, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth, but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service with a loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion.

Lewd

Lèwd whispers, gròans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However, I continued with my natural solèmnity to read ón, sensible that what I díd might aménd some, but could itself recèive no contamination from ány.

After rèading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was ráther calculated at first to amúse them than to repròve. I previously observed, that no other mòtive but their wélfare could indùce me to thís; that I was their fellow prísoner, and now got nóthing by prèaching. I was sórry, I said, to héar them so very prophàne; becàuse they got nóthing by it, but might lòse a great deal: ‘For be assùred, my fríends,’ cried I, ‘for you are my fríends, ‘howéver the world may disclaim your fríendship, though you swòre twelve thoùsand oaths ‘in a dày, it would not put one pénny in your ‘púrse. Then what signifies calling every ‘mòment upon the dévil, and còurting his ‘fríendship, since you find how scúrvily he ‘ùses you. He has given you nóthing here, ‘you find, but a mòuthful of oaths and an empty ‘bélly; and by the best accòunts I have of him, ‘he will give you nóthing that’s good here- ‘áfter.

‘If used íll in our dèalings with one mán, ‘we náaturally go élsewhere. Were it not
‘worth

‘ worth your while then, just to try how you
‘ may like the usage of another master, who
‘ gives you fair promises at least to come to
‘ him. Surely, my Friends, of all stupidity
‘ in the world, his must be greatest, who, after
‘ robbing an house, runs to the thieftakers for
‘ protection. And yet how are you more
‘ wise? You are all seeking comfort from one
‘ that has already betrayed you, applying to a
‘ more malicious being than any thieftaker of
‘ them all; for they only decoy, and then
‘ hang you; but he decoys and hangs, and
‘ what is worst of all, will not let you loose
‘ after the hangman has done.’

When I had concluded, I received the compliments of my audience, some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to repeat my lecture next day, and actually conceived some hopes of making a reformation here; for it had ever been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where my wife prepared a frugal meal, while Mr. Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to ours,

ours, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family, for as they came to my apartment by a door in the narrow passage, already described, by this means they avoided the common prison. Jenkinson at the first interview therefore seemed not a little struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter, which her pensive air contributed to heighten, and my little ones did not pass unnoticed.

‘Alas, Doctor,’ cried he, ‘these children are too handsome and too good for such a place as this!’

‘Why, Mr. Jenkinson,’ replied I, ‘thank heaven my children are pretty tolerable in morals, and if they be good, it matters little for the rest.’

‘I fancy, sir,’ returned my fellow prisoner, ‘that it must give you great comfort to have this little family about you.’

‘A comfort, Mr. Jenkinson,’ replied I, ‘yes it is indeed a comfort, and I would not be without them for all the world; for they can make a dungeon seem a palace. There is but one way in this life of wounding my happiness, and that is by injuring them.’

‘I am afraid then, sir,’ cried he, ‘that I am in some measure culpable; for I think I see here’ (looking at my son Moses) ‘one that
‘that

‘ that I have injured, and by whom I wish to
‘ be forgiven.’

My son immediately recollected his voice and features, though he had before seen him in disguise, and taking him by the hand, with a smile forgave him. ‘ Yet,’ continued he, ‘ I
‘ can’t help wondering at what you could see
‘ in my face, to think me a proper mark for
‘ deception.’

‘ My dear sir,’ returned the other, ‘ it
‘ was not your face, but your white stockings
‘ and the black ribbon in your hair, that allured
‘ me. But no disparagement to your parts,
‘ I have deceived wiser men than you in my
‘ time; and yet, with all my tricks, the block-
‘ heads have been too many for me at last.’

‘ I suppose,’ cried my son, ‘ that the narrative of such a life as yours must be extremely instructive and amusing.’

‘ Not much of either,’ returned Mr. Jenkinson. ‘ Those relations which describe the
‘ tricks and vices only of mankind, by increasing our suspicion in life, retard our success. The traveller that distrusts every person he meets, and turns back upon the appearance of every man that looks like a robber, seldom arrives in time at his journey’s
‘ end.’

‘ Indeed I think from my own experi-
 ‘ ence, that the knowing one is the silliest fel-
 ‘ low under the sun. I was thought cunning
 ‘ from my very childhood; when but seven
 ‘ years old the ladies would say that I was a
 ‘ perfect little man; at fourteen I knew the
 ‘ world, cocked my hat, and loved the ladies;
 ‘ at twenty, though I was perfectly honest,
 ‘ yet every one thought me so cunning, that
 ‘ not one would trust me. Thus I was at last
 ‘ obliged to turn sharper in my own defence,
 ‘ and have lived ever since, my head throbbing
 ‘ with schemes to deceive, and my heart pal-
 ‘ pitating with fears of detection. I used often
 ‘ to laugh at your honest simple neighbour Flám-
 ‘ borough, and one way or another generally
 ‘ cheated him once a year. Yet still the honest
 ‘ man went forward without suspicion, and
 ‘ grew rich, while I still continued tricky and
 ‘ cunning, and was poor, without the conso-
 ‘ lation of being honest. However,’ conti-
 ‘ nued he, ‘ let me know your case, and what
 ‘ has brought you here; perhaps though I have
 ‘ not skill to avoid a gaol myself, I may ex-
 ‘ tricate my friends.’

In compliance with his curiosity, I in-
 formed him of the whole train of accidents and
 follies that had plunged me into my present
 troubles, and my utter inability to get free.

After

After hearing my story, and pausing some minutes, he flapt his forehead, as if he had hit upon something material, and took his leave, saying he would try what could be done.

CHAP. XXVII.

The same subject continued.

THE next morning I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alledging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding, that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

‘Excuse me,’ returned I, ‘these people, however fallen, are still men, and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected returns to enrich the giver’s bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but, in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yes, my treasures, if I can mend them I will; perhaps they will not all despise me. Perhaps I may catch up even one from the gulph, and that will be great gain; for is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?’

Thus

Thus saying, I left them, and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival; and each prepared with some gaol-trick to play upon the doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book. A third would cry amen in such an affected tone as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slyly picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest; for observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dextrously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place. However I took no notice of all that this mischievous group of little beings could do; but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt, would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent, and all attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and

now began to think of doing them témporal sérvices also, by réndering their situàtion somewhat more cómfortable. Their tíme had hitherto been divìded between fámine and excés, tumultuous riot and bitter repíning. Their only emploýment was quárrelling among each óther, playing at críbbage, and cutting tóbacco stoppers. From this last mòde of idle índustry I took the hint of sétting such as chòse to work at cúttíng pegs for tobacconists and shòemakers, the próper wood being bòught by a général subscríption, and when manufáctured, sold by my appòintment; so that each éarned something évery day: a trifle indeed, but suffícient to maintàin him.

I did not stóp here, but ínstituted fines for the púnishment of immòrality, and rewards for pecùliar índustry. Thus in léss than a fòrt-night I had fòrmed them into something sòcial and hùmane, and had the pléasure of regàrding myself as a legíslàtor, who had brought mén from their native ferócity into friendship and obèdience.

And it were hìghly to be wíshed that legíslative power would thus dírect the law ráther to réformatíon than sévérité. That it would seem convinced that the wórking of erádicating crimes is not by making púnishments famíliar, but fòrmidable. Then instèad of our present
prí-

prisons, which find or make men guilty, which enclōse wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands; we should see, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance if guilty, or new motives to virtue if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishments, is the way to mend a state: nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of selfdefence, to cut off that man who has shewn a disregard for the life of another. Against such, all nature arises in arms; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as by that the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If then I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. But this is a false compact; because no man has a right to barter his life, no more than to take it away, as it is not his own. And beside, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great

pénalty for a very trifling convénience, since it is far bétter that twò men should live, than that óne man should ride. But a cómpact that is fàlse between twò men, is équally so between an húndred, or an húndred thouísand; for as ten míllions of círcles can never make a squàre, so the unítèd voice of mýriads cannot lend the smàllest foundation to fàlsehood. It is thus that réason spèaks, and untútored nature says the sàme thing. Sávages that are dirécted by natural law alòne are very ténder of the líves of each óther; they séldom shed blood but to ré-táliate former crùelty.

Our Saxon áncestors, fíerce as they were in wàr, had but few execútions in times of pèace; and in all commencing góvernments that have the prínt of nature stíll strong upón them, scàrce any crime is held cápítal.

It is among the cítizens of a refíned community that penal láws, which are in the hands of the rích, are laid upon the pòor. Góvernment, while it grows òlder, seems to acquíre the moròseness of áge; and as if our próperty were become dèarer in propòrtion as it incrèased, as if the more enórmous our wéalth, the more exténsive our fèars, all our posséssions are páled up with new édicts évery day, and hung round with gíbbets to scare every invàder.

I can-

I cannot tell whether it is from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should shew more convicts in a year, than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both; for they mutually produce each other. When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality: thus the multitude of laws produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished then that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice, instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion come to burst them, instead of cutting away wretches as useless, before we have tried their utility, instead of converting correction into vengeance, it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant of the people. We should then find that creatures, whose souls are held as dröfs, only wanted the hand of a refiner; we should then find that wretches, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in

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times of danger; that, as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too; that few minds are so base as that perseverance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Háppiness and mífery rather the refúlt of prudence than of vîrtue in this life. Témporal evils or felícities being regarded by hèaven as things mèvely in themselves trifling and unwórthy its càre in the diftribùtion.

I Had now been confíned more than a fortnight, but had not fince my arríval been vífited by my dear 'Olivia, and I grèatly lónged to fèe her. Having communicated my wifhes to my wífe, the next mòrning the poor girl éntered my apártment, lèaning on her fifter's àrm. The chángé which I faw in her còunte-nance ftrúck me. The numberlefs gràces that once refided there were now fléd, and the hánd of death fèemed to have mòlded every féa-
ture to alàrm me. Her témples were fúnk, her fòre head was ténfe, and a fàtal palemeís fate upon her chèek.

‘ I am glad to fèe thee, my dèar,’ cried I;
‘ but why this dejéction, Lívy? I hope, my
‘ lòve, you have too great a regàrd for me, to
‘ permit difappòintment thus to undermine a
‘ life, which I príze as my òwn. Be chèarful,
‘ child, and we yet may fèe háppier days.’

‘ You

‘ You have ever, sir,’ replied she, ‘ been
 ‘ kind to me, and it adds to my pain, that I
 ‘ shall néver have an opportunity of sharing
 ‘ that háppinefs you prómise. Háppinefs, I
 ‘ fear, is no longer referved for me hère; and
 ‘ I long to be rid of a place where I have ónly
 ‘ found diftréfs. Indèed, sir, I wish you would
 ‘ máke a proper fubmiffion to Mr. Thòrnhill;
 ‘ it may, in fome méafure, induce him to pity
 ‘ you, and it will give me relief in dying.’

‘ Never, child,’ replied I, ‘ néver will I
 ‘ be bròught to acknówledge my daughter a
 ‘ próstitute; for though the world may lóok
 ‘ upon your offence with fcòrn, let it be mine
 ‘ to regard it as a márk of credùlity, not of
 ‘ gúilt. My dèar, I am no way míserable in
 ‘ this place, howéver dismal it may fèem, and
 ‘ be affùred that while you continue to bless
 ‘ me by líving, he fhall never have my confént
 ‘ to make you mòre wretched by márrying
 ‘ anóther.

After the depárture of my dàughter, my
 fellow prifoner, who was by at this ínterview,
 fénfibly enough expóftulated upon my óbftinacy,
 in refúfing a fubmiffion, which prómised to give
 me frèedom. He obferved, that the ref of my
 fámily was not to be fácrified to the pèace of
 one chíd alòne, and fhe the ónly one who had
 offénded me. ‘ Befide,’ ádded he, ‘ I don’t
 ‘ know

‘ know if it be júst thus to obstrúct the ùnion
‘ of man and wífe, which you do at présent,
‘ by refúsing to confént to a mátch which you
‘ cannot hínder, but may render unháppy.’

‘ Sir,’ replíed I, ‘ you are unacquàinted
‘ with the man that opprésses us. I am very
‘ fénfible that no submíssion I can máke could
‘ procùre me líberty even for an hoùr. I am
‘ tòld that even in this very ròom a debtor of
‘ his no làter than last yèar, died for wánt. But
‘ though my submíssion and approbàtion could
‘ transfér me from hénce to the most bèautiful
‘ apartment he is posséssed of; yet I would grant
‘ nèither, as something whísper me, that it
‘ would be gíving a sanction to ádultery. While
‘ my dàughter lives, no other márrriage of his
‘ shàll ever be lègal in my eye. Were she re-
‘ mòved, indèed, I shòuld be the bàsest of men,
‘ from any reséntment of my òwn, to attétempt
‘ putting asúnder those who wísh for an ùnion.
‘ No, víllain as he is, I shòuld then wísh him
‘ márried, to prévent the cónsequences of his
‘ fùture debàucheries. But now shòuld I not
‘ be the most crùel of all fàthers, to sign an
‘ ‘Instrument which must send my chíld to the
‘ gràve, mèrely to avoid a prísón myself; and
‘ thus to escàpe one páng, break my chíld’s
‘ héart with a thòusand?’

He

He acquiesced in the justice of this answer, but could not avoid observing, that he feared my daughter's life was already too much wasted to keep me long a prisoner. 'However,' continued he, 'though you refuse to submit to the nephew, I hope you have no objections to laying your case before the uncle, who has the first character in the kingdom for every thing that is just and good. I would advise you to send him a letter by the post, intimating all his nephew's ill usage, and my life for it, that in three days you shall have an answer.' I thank'd him for the hint, and instantly set about complying; but I wanted paper, and unluckily all our money had been laid out that morning in provisions; however he supplied me.

For the three ensuing days I was in a state of anxiety, to know what reception my letter might meet with; but in the mean time was frequently solicited by my wife to submit to any conditions rather than remain here, and every hour received repeated accounts of the decline of my daughter's health. The third day and the fourth arrived, but I received no answer to my letter: the complaints of a stranger against a favourite nephew, were no way likely to succeed; so that these hopes soon vanished like all my former. My mind, however,

ever, still supported itself, though confinement and bad air began to make a visible alteration in my health, and my arm that had suffered in the fire, grew worse. My children, however sat by me, and while I was stretched on my straw, read to me by turns, or listened and wept at my instructions. But my daughter's health declined faster than mine; every message from her contributed to increase my apprehensions and pain. The fifth morning after I had written the letter which was sent to sir William Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was speechless. Now it was, that confinement was truly painful to me; my soul was bursting from its prison to be near the pillow of my child, to comfort, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes, and teach her soul the way to heaven! Another account came. She was expiring, and yet I was debarred the small comfort of weeping by her. My fellow prisoner, some time after, came with the last account. He bade me be patient. She was dead! — The next morning he returned, and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were using all their innocent efforts to comfort me. They entreated to read to me, and bade me not to cry, for I was now too old to weep. 'And is not my sister an angel, now, pappa,' cried the eldest, 'and why

‘ why then are you sórry for her? I wish I were an àngel out of this frìghtful place, if my páppa were with me.’ ‘ Yes,’ ádded my youngest dàrling, ‘ Héaven, where my síster is, is a fìner place than this, and there are nòne but good pèople there, and the pèople here are very bád.’

Mr Jénkinson interrúpted their harmless prátple, by obsèrving that now my dàughter was no mòre, I shòuld sèriously think of the rest of my fámily, and attépt to sàve my òwn life, which was évery day declìning, for want of necéssaries and wholesome àir. He ádded, that it was now incúmbent on me to sàcrifice any pride or reséntment of my òwn, to the wélfare of those who depéended on me for support; and that I was now, both by reason and jústice, obliged to try to reconcìle my lándlord.

‘ Heaven be pràised,’ replìed I, ‘ there is no pride left me now, I shòuld detést my own heart if I sàw either pride or reséntment lúrking there. On the cóntrary, as my oppréssor has been once my paríshioner, I hope one day to présent him up an unpollùted soul at the etérnal tribùnal. No, sir, I have no reséntment now, and though he has tàken from me what I held dèarer than all his tréasures, though he has wrung my héart, for I am sick almost to fàinting, véry sick, my fellow prìsoner,

soner,

‘ foner, yet that fhall never infpire me with
 ‘ vengeance. I am now willing to approve his
 ‘ marriage, and if this fubmiffion can do him
 ‘ any pleafure, let him know, that if I have
 ‘ done him any injury, I am forry for it.’ Mr.
 Jénkinfon took pen and ink, and wrote down
 my fubmiffion nearly as I have expreffed it, to
 which I figned my name. My fon was em-
 ployed to carry the letter to Mr. Thörnhill, who
 was then at his feat in the còuntry. He wént,
 and in about fix hours returned with a verbal
 anfwer. He had fome difficulty he faid, to get
 a fight of his landlord, as the fervants were in-
 fólent and fufpicious; but he accídently faw
 him as he was going out upon búfínefs, prepar-
 ing for his marriage, which was to be in three
 dàys. He continued to inform us, that he ftept
 up in the humbleft manner, and delivered the
 letter, which, when Mr. Thornhill had read,
 he faid that all fubmiffion was now too late and
 unnecéffary; that he had héard of our applicà-
 tion to his uncle, which met with the contépt
 it deferved; and as for the réft, that all fùture
 applicàtions fhould be directed to his attórney,
 not to him. He obferved, howéver, that as
 he had a very good opínion of the difcrétion of
 the two young làdies, they might have béen
 the moft agréèable intercèffors.

Q

‘ Well

‘ Well, sir,’ said I to my fellow prisoner,
 ‘ you now discover the temper of the man that
 ‘ oppresses me. He can at once be facetious
 ‘ and cruel; but let him use me as he will, I
 ‘ shall soon be free, in spite of all his bolts to
 ‘ restrain me. I am now drawing towards an
 ‘ abode that looks brighter as I approach it:
 ‘ this expectation cheers my afflictions, and
 ‘ though I leave an helpless family of orphans
 ‘ behind me, yet they will not be utterly for-
 ‘ saken; some friend, perhaps, will be found
 ‘ to assist them for the sake of their poor father,
 ‘ and some may charitably relieve them for the
 ‘ sake of their heavenly Father.’

Just as I spoke, my wife, whom I had
 not seen that day before, appeared with looks
 of terror, and making efforts, but unable to
 speak. ‘ Why, my love,’ cried I, ‘ why will
 ‘ you thus encrease my afflictions by your own,
 ‘ what though no submissions can turn our se-
 ‘ vere master, though he has doomed me to die
 ‘ in this place of wretchedness, and though we
 ‘ have lost a darling child, yet still you will
 ‘ find comfort in your other children when I
 ‘ shall be no more.’ ‘ We have indeed lost,’
 ‘ returned she, ‘ a darling child. My Sophia,
 ‘ my dearest, is gone, snatched from us, car-
 ‘ ried off by ruffians!’

‘ How,

‘How, mádam,’ cried my féllow prisoner, ‘mifs Sophia carried óff by víllains, fure it cannot bè?’

She could only ánfwer with a fixed lóok and a flood of tèars. But one of the prifoner’s wíves, who was préfent, and came in with hér, gave us a more diftinct accóunt: fhe informed us that as my wífe, my dàughter, and herfélf, were taking a walk togéther on the great ròad a little way out of the víllage, a pòft-chaise and pair drove up to thém and instantly ftopt. Upon which a well dréft man, but not Mr. Thòrnhill, ftepping out, clafped my dàughter round the wàift, and fórcing her ín, bid the pòftilion drive ón, fo that they were out of fíght in a mòment.

‘Now,’ cried I, ‘the fum of my mife-
‘ries is made úp, nor is it in the pówér of
‘any thing on éarth to give me anóther pang.
‘What! not óne left! not to lèave me óne!
‘the mónfter! the child that was next my héart!
‘fhe had the bèauté of an àngel, and almoft
‘the wífdóm of an àngel. But fuppòrt that
‘wòman, nor let her fàll. Not to lèave me
‘óne!’ — ‘Alas my Húfband,’ faid my wífe,
‘you feem to want cómfort even more than I.
‘Our diftréffes are gréat; but I could bèar this
‘and mòre, if I faw you but èafy. They may

‘ take away my children and all the world, if
‘ they leave me but you.’

My Son, who was présent, endéavoured to moderate our grief; he bade us take comfort, for he hoped that we might still have reason to be thankful. — ‘ My child,’ cried I, ‘ look round the world, and see if there be any happiness left me now. Is not every ray of comfort shut out; while all our bright prospects only lie beyond the grave!’ — ‘ My dear father,’ returned he, ‘ I hope there is still something that will give you an interval of satisfaction; for I have a letter from my brother George.’ — ‘ What of him, child,’ interrupted I, ‘ does he know our misery? I hope my boy is exempt from any part of what his wretched family suffers?’ — ‘ Yes, sir,’ returned he, ‘ he is perfectly gay, cheerful, and happy. His letter brings nothing but good news; he is the favourite of his colonel, who promises to procure him the very next lieutenantancy that becomes vacant!’

‘ And are you sure of all this,’ cried my wife, ‘ are you sure that nothing ill has befallen my boy?’ — ‘ Nothing indeed, madam,’ returned my son, ‘ you shall see the letter, which will give you the highest pleasure; and if any thing can procure you comfort, I am sure that will.’ ‘ But are you sure,’ still repeated

peated she, 'that the letter is from himself, and
' that he is really so happy;' — 'Yes, Madam,'
replied he, 'it is certainly his, and he will
' one day be the credit and the support of our
' family!' — 'Then I thank providence,'
cried she, 'that my last letter to him has
' miscarried.' Yes, my dear,' continued she,
turning to me, 'I will now confess, that
' though the hand of heaven is fore upon us in
' other instances, it has been favourable here.
' By the last letter I wrote my son, which was
' in the bitterness of anger, I desired him, upon
' his mother's blessing, and if he had the heart
' of a man, to see justice done his father and
' sister, and avenge our cause. But thanks be
' to him that directs all things, it has miscarried,
' and I am at rest' 'Woman,' cried I, thou
' hast done very ill, and at another time my
' reproaches might have been more severe.
' Oh! what a tremendous gulph hast thou
' escaped, that would have buried both thee
' and him in endless ruin. Providence, indeed,
' has here been kinder to us than we to oursel-
' ves. It has reserved that son to be the father
' and protector of my children when I shall
' be away. How unjustly did I complain of
' being stript of every comfort, when still I
' hear that he is happy and insensible of our
' afflictions; still kept in reserve to support his

‘ widowed móther, and to protéct his brothers
 ‘ and sísters. But what sísters has he léft, he
 ‘ has no sísters nów, they are àll gone, robbed
 ‘ from mè, and I am undóne.’ — ‘ Fàther,’
 interrúpted my sòn, ‘ I beg you will give me
 ‘ léave to read his létter, I know it will plèase
 ‘ you.’ Upon which, with my permíssion,
 he read as fóllovs:

Hónoured Sir,

I Have called óff my imaginàtion a few mò-
 ments from the plèasures that surround me,
 to fix it upon óbjects that àre still more plèa-
 sing, the dear little fire-side at hòme. My
 fancy draivs that harmless groupe as listening
 to every line of this with great compòsure. I
 viev those faces with delight which never felt
 the defòrming hand of ambition or dístrefs!
 But whatéver your háppiness may be at hòme,
 I am sùre it will be some addítion to it, to hèar
 that I am pérfectly pleased with my situàtion,
 and évery way happy hère.

Our régiment is countermándered, and is
 not to leave the kíngdom; the cólonel, who
 profésses himself my fríend, takes me with
 him to all cómpanies where he is acquàinted,
 and after my first vísit, I generally find myself
 recèived with encreased respéct upon repèating
 it. I danced last night with làdy G —, and
 could

could I forget you know whom, I might be perhaps successful. But it is my fate still to remember others, while I am myself forgotten by most of my absent friends, and in this number, I fear, Sir, that I must consider you; for I have long expected the pleasure of a letter from home to no purpose. 'Olivia and Sophia too, promised to write, but seem to have forgotten me. Tell them they are two arrant little baggages, and that I am this moment in a most violent passion with them: yet still, I know not how, tho' I want to bluster a little, my heart is respondent only to softer emotions. Then tell them, sir, that after all, I love them affectionately, and be assured of my ever remaining

Your dutiful son.

'In all our miseries,' cried I, 'what thanks have we not to return, that one at least of our family is exempted from what we suffer. Heaven be his guard, and keep my boy thus happy to be the supporter of his widowed mother, and the father of these two babes, which is all the patrimony I can now bequeath him. May he keep their innocence from the temptations of want, and be their conductor in the paths of honour.' I had scarce said these words, when a noise, like that of a tumult, seemed to proceed from the prison

below; it died away soon after, and a clanking of fetters was heard along the passage that led to my apartment. The keeper of the prison entered, holding a man all bloody, wounded and fettered with the heaviest irons. I looked with compassion on the wretch as he approached me, but with horror when I found it was my own son. — ‘My George! My George! and do I behold thee thus. Wounded! Fettered! Is this thy happiness! Is this the manner you return to me! O that this sight could break my heart at once and let me die!’

‘Where, sir, is your fortitude?’ returned my son with an intrepid voice. ‘I must suffer, my life is forfeited, and let them take it.’

I tried to restrain my passions for a few minutes in silence, but I thought I should have died with the effort. — ‘O my boy, my heart weeps to behold thee thus, and I cannot, cannot help it. In the moment that I thought thee blest, and prayed for thy safety, to behold thee thus again! Chained, wounded. And yet the death of the youthful is happy. But I am old, a very old man, and have lived to see this day. To see my children all untimely falling about me, while I continue a wretched survivor in the midst of ruin! May all the curses that ever sunk a soul fall
‘ heavy

‘ heavy upon the murderer of my children.
‘ May he live, like me, to see — ’

‘ Hold, Sir,’ replied my son, ‘ or I shall
‘ blush for thee. How, Sir, forgetful of your
‘ age, your holy calling, thus to arrogate the
‘ justice of heaven, and fling those curses up-
‘ ward that must soon descend to crush thy own
‘ grey head with destruction! No, Sir, let it
‘ be your care now to fit me for that vile death
‘ I must shortly suffer, to arm me with hope
‘ and resolution, to give me courage to drink
‘ of that bitterness which must shortly be my
‘ portion.’

‘ My child, you must not die: I am sure
no offence of thine can deserve so vile a punish-
‘ ment. My George could never be guilty of
‘ any crime to make his ancestors ashamed of
‘ him.’

‘ Mine, Sir,’ returned my son, ‘ is, I
‘ fear, an unpardonable one. When I received
‘ my mother’s letter from home, I immediately
‘ came down, determined to punish the be-
‘ trayer of our honour, and sent him an order
‘ to meet me, which he answered, not in per-
‘ son, but by his dispatching four of his domes-
‘ tics to seize me. I wounded one who first
‘ assaulted me, and I fear desperately; but the
‘ rest made me their prisoner. The coward is
‘ determined to put the law in execution against

250 The VICAR of WAKEFIELD.

‘ me; the proofs are undeniable; I have sent a
 ‘ challenge, and as I am the first transgressor
 ‘ upon the statute, I see no hopes of pardon.
 ‘ But you have often charmed me with your
 ‘ lessons of fortitude, let me now, Sir, find
 ‘ them in your example.’

‘ And, my son, you shall find them. I
 ‘ am now raised above this world, and all the
 ‘ pleasures it can produce. From this moment
 ‘ I break from my heart all the ties that held it
 ‘ down to earth, and will prepare to fit us both
 ‘ for eternity. Yes, my son, I will point out
 ‘ the way, and my soul shall guide yours in
 ‘ the ascent, for we will take our flight together.
 ‘ I now see and am convinced you can
 ‘ expect no pardon here, and I can only exhort
 ‘ you to seek it at that greatest tribunal where
 ‘ we both shall shortly answer. But let us not
 ‘ be niggardly in our exhortation, but let all
 ‘ our fellow prisoners have a share: good gaoler,
 ‘ let them be permitted to stand here, while I
 ‘ attempt to improve them.’ Thus saying, I
 made an effort to rise from my straw, but wanted
 strength, and was able only to recline against the
 wall. The prisoners assembled according to my
 directions, for they loved to hear my counsel; my
 son and his mother supported me on either side; I
 looked and saw that none were wanting, and then
 addressed them with the following exhortation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

The equal dealings of providence demonstrated with regard to the happy and the miserable here below. That from the nature of pleasure and pain, the wretched must be repaid the balance of their sufferings in the life hereafter.

MY friends, my children, and fellow sufferers, when I reflect on the distribution of good and evil here below, I find that much has been given man to enjoy, yet still more to suffer. Though we should examine the whole world, we shall not find one man so happy as to have nothing left to wish for; but we daily see thousands who by suicide shew us they have nothing left to hope. In this life then it appears that we cannot be entirely blest; but yet we may be completely miserable.

Why man should thus feel pain, why our wretchedness should be requisite in the formation of universal felicity, why, when all other systems are made perfect by the perfection of their subordinate parts, the great system should

re-

require for its perfection, parts that are not only subordinate to others, but imperfect in themselves? These are questions that never can be explained, and might be useless if known. On this subject providence has thought fit to elude our curiosity, satisfied with granting us motives to consolation.

In this situation, man has called in the friendly assistance of philosophy, and heaven seeing the incapacity of that to console him, has given him the aid of religion. The consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious. It tells us that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them; and on the other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short, and they will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other; for if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be misery, and if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is weak; but religion comforts in an higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the body, and is all a glorious mind, he will find he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here, while the wretch that has been maimed and contaminated by his vices, shrinks from his body with terror, and finds that he has anticipated the vengeance of heaven.

To

To religion then we must hold in every circumstance of life for our truest comfort; for if already we are happy, it is a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness unending; and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus to the fortunate religion holds out a continuance of bliss, to the wretched a change from pain.

But though religion is very kind to all men, it has promised peculiar rewards to the unhappy; the sick, the naked, the houseless, the heavy-laden, and the prisoner, have ever most frequent promises in our sacred law. The author of our religion every where professes himself the wretch's friend, and unlike the false ones of this world, bestows all his caresses upon the forlorn. The unthinking have censured this as partiality, as a preference without merit to deserve it. But they never reflect that it is not in the power even of heaven itself to make the offer of unceasing felicity as great a gift to the happy as to the miserable. To the first eternity is but a single blessing, since at most it but encreases what they already possess. To the latter it is a double advantage; for it diminishes their pain here, and rewards them with heavenly bliss hereafter.

But providence is in another respect kinder to the poor than the rich; for as it thus
makes

màkes the life after déath more desiràble, so it smooths the pàssage there. The wretched have had a long familiàrity with every face of térror. The man of sórrows lays himself quietly dówn, without posséssions to regrét, and but feù ties to stop his depàrture: he feels only nàture's pang in the fìnal separàtion, and this is no way gréater than he has often fàinted under befóre; for after a cértain degree of pàin, every new bréach that death òpens in the constitùtion, nàture kindly còvers with insensibílity.

Thus pròvidence has given the wrétched two advántages over the háppy in this life, greater felícity in dýing, and in heaven all that superiórity of pléasure which aríses from contrasted enjòyment. And this superiórity, my friends, is no small advántage, and seems to be one of the pléasures of the poor mán in the párablé; for though he was alréady in héaven, and felt all the ráptures it could gíve, yet it was méntioned as an addítion to his háppiness, that he had once been wrétched and now was còmforted; that he had knòwn what it was to be míserable, and now félt what it was to be háppy.

Thus, my friends, you see relígion does what philósofhy could never dò: it shews the équal dèalings of héaven to the happy and the unháppy, and lévels all human enjòyments to
nearly

nearly the same standard. It gives to both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire after it; but if the rich have the advantage of enjoying pleasure here, the poor have the endless satisfaction of knowing what it was once to be miserable, when crowned with endless felicity hereafter; and even though this should be called a small advantage, yet being an eternal one, it must make up by duration what the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded by intenseness.

These are therefore the consolations which the wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which they are above the rest of mankind; in other respects they are below them. They who would know the miseries of the poor, must see life and endure it. To declaim on the temporal advantages they enjoy, is only repeating what none either believe or practise. The men who have the necessaries of living are not poor, and they who want them must be miserable. Yes, my friends, we must be miserable. No vain efforts of a refined imagination can sooth the wants of nature, can give elastic sweetness to the dank vapour of a dungeon, or ease to the throbbings of a broken heart. Let the philosopher from his couch of softness tell us that we can resist all these. Alas! the effort by which we resist them

them is still the greatest pain! Death is flight, and any man may sustain it; but torments are dreadful, and these no man can endure.

To us then, my friends, the promises of happiness in heaven should be peculiarly dear; for if our reward be in this life alone, we are then indeed of all men the most miserable. When I look round these gloomy walls, made to terrify, as well as to confine us; this light that only serves to shew the horrors of the place, those shackles that tyranny has imposed, or crime made necessary; when I survey these emaciated looks, and hear those groans, O my friends, what a glorious exchange would heaven be for these! To fly through regions unconfined as air, to bask in the sunshine of eternal bliss, to carrol over endless hymns of praise, to have no master to threaten or insult us, but the form of Goodness himself for ever in our eyes; when I think of these things, death becomes the messenger of very glad tidings; when I think of these things, his sharpest arrow becomes the staff of my support; when I think of these things, what is there in life worth having? when I think of these things, what is there that should not be spurned away? kings in their palaces should groan for such advantages; but we, humbled as we are should yearn for them.

And

And shall these things be ours? Ours they will certainly be if we but try for them; and what is a comfort, we are shut out from many temptations that would retard our pursuit. Only let us try for them, and they will certainly be ours, and what is still a comfort, shortly too; for if we look back on past life, it appears but a very short span, and whatever we may think of the rest of life, it will yet be found of less duration; as we grow older, the days seem to grow shorter, and our intimacy with time, ever lessens the perception of his stay. Then let us take comfort now, for we shall soon be at our journey's end; we shall soon lay down the heavy burthen laid by heaven upon us; and though death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and like his horizon, still flies before him; yet the time will certainly and shortly come, when we shall cease from our toil; when the luxurious great ones of the world shall no more tread us to the earth; when we shall think with pleasure on our sufferings below; when we shall be surrounded with all our friends, or such as deserved our friendship; when our bliss shall be unutterable, and still, to crown all, unending.

CHAP. XXX.

Happier prospects begin to appear. Let us be inflexible, and fortune will at last change in our favour.

WHEN I had thus finished, and my audience was retired, the gaoler, who was one of the most humane of his profession, hoped I would not be displeased, as what he did was but his duty, observing that he must be obliged to remove my son into a stronger cell, but that he should be permitted to ~~re~~visit me every morning. I thanked him for his clemency, and grasping my boy's hand, bade him farewell, and be mindful of the great duty that was before him.

I again, therefore, laid me down, and one of my little ones sat by my bedside reading, when Mr. Jenkinson entering, informed me that there was news of my daughter; for that she was seen by a person about two hours before in a strange gentleman's company, and that they had stopt at a neighbouring village for refreshment, and seemed as if returning to town. He had scarce delivered this news, when the gaoler came with looks of haste and pleasure, to inform me, that my daughter was found.

Moses

Moses came running in a moment after, crying out that his Sister Sophy was below, and coming up with our old friend Mr. Burchell.

Just as he delivered this news, my dearest girl entered, and with looks almost wild with pleasure, ran to kiss me in a transport of affection. Her mother's tears and silence also shewed her pleasure. — 'Here, pappa,' cried the charming girl, 'here is the brave man to whom I owe my delivery; to this gentleman's intrepidity I am indebted for my happiness and safety —' A kiss from Mr. Burchell, whose pleasure seemed even greater than hers, interrupted what she was going to add.

'Ah, Mr. Burchell,' cried I, 'this is but a wretched habitation you now find us in; and we are now very different from what you last saw us. You were ever our friend: we have long discovered our errors with regard to you, and repented of our ingratitude. After the vile usage you then received at my hands, I am almost ashamed to behold your face; yet I hope you'll forgive me, as I was deceived by a base ungenerous wretch, who, under the mask of friendship, has undone me.'

'It is impossible,' replied Mr. Burchell, 'that I should forgive you, as you never deserved my resentment. I partly saw your de-

‘ lusion then, and as it was out of my power
‘ to restrain, I could only pity it!’

‘ It was ever my conjecture,’ cried I,
‘ that your mind was noble; but now I find
‘ it so. But tell me, my dear child, how hast
‘ thou been relieved, or who the ruffians were
‘ who carried thee away?’

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ replied she, ‘as to the
‘ villain who carried me off, I am yet ignorant.
‘ For as my mamma and I were walking out,
‘ he came behind us, and almost before I could
‘ call for help, forced me into the post-chaise,
‘ and in an instant the horses drove away. I
‘ met several on the road, to whom I cried out
‘ for assistance; but they disregarded my
‘ entreaties. In the mean time the ruffian him-
‘ self used every art to hinder me from crying
‘ out: he flattered and threatened by turns,
‘ and swore that if I continued but silent, he
‘ intended no harm. In the mean time I had
‘ broken the canvas that he had drawn up, and
‘ whom should I perceive at some distance but
‘ your old friend Mr. Burchell, walking along
‘ with his usual swiftness, with the great stick
‘ for which we used so much to ridicule him.
‘ As soon as we came within hearing, I called
‘ out to him by name, and entreated his help.
‘ I repeated my exclamations several times,
‘ upon which, with a very loud voice, he bid
‘ the

‘ the postillion stop; but the boy took no
 ‘ notice, but drove on with still greater speed,
 ‘ I now thought he could never overtake us,
 ‘ when in less than a minute I saw Mr. Burchell
 ‘ come running up by the side of the horses,
 ‘ and with one blow knock the postillion to
 ‘ the ground. The horses when he was fallen
 ‘ soon stopt of themselves, and the ruffian
 ‘ stepping out, with oaths and menaces drew
 ‘ his sword, and ordered him at his peril to
 ‘ retire; but Mr. Burchell running up, shivered
 ‘ his sword to pieces, and then pursued him
 ‘ for near a quarter of a mile; but he made
 ‘ his escape. I was at this time come out my-
 ‘ self, willing to assist my deliverer; but he
 ‘ soon returned to me in triumph. The postil-
 ‘ lion, who was recovered, was going to make
 ‘ his escape too; but Mr. Burchell ordered him
 ‘ at his peril to mount again, and drive back to
 ‘ town. Finding it impossible to resist, he
 ‘ reluctantly complied, though the wound he
 ‘ had received seemed, to me at least, to be
 ‘ dangerous. He continued to complain of
 ‘ the pain as we drove along, so that he at last
 ‘ excited Mr. Burchell’s compassion, who at
 ‘ my request, exchanged him for another at an
 ‘ inn where we called on our return.’

‘ Welcome, then,’ cried I, ‘ my child,
 ‘ and thou her gallant deliverer, a thousand

' welcomes. Though our chéar is but wrét-
 ' ched, yet our hearts are réady to recèive you.
 ' And now, Mr. Búrchell, as you have delíve-
 ' red my girl, if you think her a récompence
 ' she is yòurs, if you can stoop to an allíance
 ' with a fámily so poor as mîne, tàke her,
 ' obtain her consént, as I know you have her
 ' héart, and you have mîne. And let me téll
 ' you, Sir, that I give you no smáll tréasure;
 ' she has been célebrated for bèauty it is trùe,
 ' but that is not my méaning, I give you úp a
 ' tréasure in her mînd.'

' But I suppòse, Sir,' cried Mr. Búrchell,
 ' that you are apprized of my círcumstances,
 ' and of my incapácity to suppòrt her as she
 ' desérves?'

' If your présent objéction,' replíed I, be
 ' meant as an evásion of my óffer, I desíst;
 ' but I know no man so wórthy to desérve her
 ' as yòu; and if I could gíve her thòusands,
 ' and thòusands fought her from mè, yet my
 ' honest brave Búrchell shòuld be my deàrest
 ' choice.'

To all this his sílence alone seemed to
 give a mórtifying refúsál, and withòut the
 least replý to my óffer, he demánded if we
 could not be fúrnished with refréshments from
 the next inn, to which being ánswered in the
 áffirmative, he órdered them to send in the best
 din-

dinner that could be provided upon such short notice. He bespoke also a dozen of their best wine; and some cordials for me. Adding, with a smile, that he would stretch a little for once, and though in a prison, asserted he was never better disposed to be merry. The waiter soon made his appearance with preparations for dinner, a table was lent us by the gaoler, who seemed remarkably assiduous, the wine was disposed in order, and two very well-dressed dishes were brought in.

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's melancholy situation, and we all seemed unwilling to damp her cheerfulness by the relation. But it was in vain that I attempted to appear cheerful, the circumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all efforts to dissimble; so that I was at last obliged to damp our mirth by relating his misfortunes, and wishing that he might be permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction. After my guests were recovered from the consternation my account had produced, I requested also that Mr. Jenkinson, a fellow prisoner, might be admitted, and the gaoler granted my request with an air of unusual submission. The clanking of my son's irons was no sooner heard along the passage, than his sister ran impatiently to meet him; while Mr. Burchell, in the mean

R 4

time,

time, asked me if my son's name were George; to which replying in the affirmative, he still continued silent. As soon as my boy entered the room, I could perceive he regarded Mr. Burchell with a look of astonishment and reverence. 'Come on,' cried I, 'my son, though we are fallen very low, yet providence has been pleased to grant us some small relaxation from pain. Thy sister is restored to us, and there is her deliverer: to that brave man it is that I am indebted for yet having a daughter; give him, my boy, the hand of friendship, he deserves our warmest gratitude.'

My son seemed all this while regardless of what I said, and still continued fixed at respectful distance. — 'My dear brother,' cried his sister, 'why don't you thank my good deliverer? the brave should ever love each other.'

He still continued his silence and astonishment, till our guest at last perceived himself to be known, and assuming all his native dignity, desired my son to come forward. Never before had I seen any thing so truly majestic as the air he assumed upon this occasion. The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet there is still a greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it. After he had regarded my son for some time with a superior air, 'I
again

‘again find,’ said he, ‘unthinking boy, that
‘the same crime’ — But here he was interrupted
by one of the gaoler’s servants, who came to
inform us that a person of distinction, who had
driven into town with a chariot and several at-
tendants, sent his respects to the gentleman that
was with us, and begged to know when he
should think proper to be waited upon. — ‘Bid
‘the fellow wait,’ cried our guest, ‘till I shall
‘have leisure to receive him;’ and then turning
to my son, ‘I again find, Sir,’ proceeded he,
‘that you are guilty of the same offence for
‘which you once had my reproof, and for
‘which the law is now preparing its justest pu-
‘nishments. You imagine, perhaps, that a
‘contempt for your own life, gives you a
‘right to take that of another; but where, Sir,
‘is the difference between a duellist who hazards
‘a life of no value, and the murderer who acts
‘with greater security? Is it any diminution
‘of the gamester’s fraud when he alleges that
‘he has staked a counter?’

‘Alas, Sir,’ cried I, ‘whoever you are,
‘pity the poor misguided creature; for what
‘he has done was in obedience to a deluded
‘mother, who in the bitterness of her resent-
‘ment required him upon her blessing to avenge
‘her quarrel. Here, Sir, is the letter, which
R 5 ‘will

‘ will serve to convince you of her imprudence,
‘ and diminish his guilt.’

He took the letter, and hastily read it over. ‘ This,’ says he, ‘ though not a perfect
‘ excuse, is such a palliation of his fault, as in-
‘ duces me to forgive him. And now, Sir,’ continued he, kindly taking my son by the hand,
‘ I see you are surprised at finding me here; but
‘ I have often visited prisons upon occasions less
‘ interesting. I am now come to see justice done
‘ a worthy man, for whom I have the most sin-
‘ cere esteem. I have long been a disguised
‘ spectator of thy father’s benevolence. I have
‘ at his little dwelling enjoyed respect uncon-
‘ taminated by flattery, and have received that
‘ happiness that courts could not give, from
‘ the amusing simplicity round his fireside. My
‘ nephew has been apprised of my intentions
‘ of coming here, and I find is arrived; it
‘ would be wronging him and you to condemn
‘ him without examination: if there be injury,
‘ there shall be redress; and this I may say
‘ without boasting, that none have ever taxed
‘ the injustice of Sir William Thornhill.’

We now found the personage whom we
had so long entertained as an harmless amusing
companion was no other than the celebrated
Sir William Thornhill, to whose virtues and
singuliarities scarce any were strangers. The

poor

poor Mr. Burchell was in reality a man of large fortune and great interest, to whom senates listened with applause, and whom party heard with conviction; who was the friend of his country, but loyal to his king. My poor wife recollecting her former familiarity, seemed to shrink with apprehension; but Sophia, who a few moments before thought him her own, now perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears.

‘ Ah, Sir,’ cried my wife, with a piteous aspect, ‘ how is it possible that I can ever have your forgiveness; the flights you received from me the last time I had the honour of seeing you at our house, and the jokes which I audaciously threw out, these jokes, Sir, I fear can never be forgiven.’

‘ My dear good lady,’ returned he with a smile, ‘ if you had your joke, I had my answer: I’ll leave it to all the company if mine were not as good as yours. To say the truth, I know no body whom I am disposed to be angry with at present but the fellow who so frightened my little girl here. I had not even time to examine the rascal’s person so as to describe him in an advertisement. Can you tell me, Sophia, my dear, whether you should know him again?’

‘ Indèed, Sir,’ replied she, ‘ I can’t be
 ‘ pòsitive; yet now I recóllect he had a làrge
 ‘ mark over one of his eye-brows.’ I ask pàr-
 don, mádam,’ interrúpted Jénkinson, who
 wás bý, ‘but be so gòod as to infòrm me if
 ‘ the fellow wòre his own red hàir?’ —
 ‘ Yes, I thínk so,’ cried Sòphia. — ‘ And did
 your hónour,’ continued he, turning to Sir
 William, ‘ observe the length of his légs?’ —
 ‘ I can’t be sûre of their léngth,’ cried the
 Báronet, ‘but I am convínced of their swift-
 ‘ ness; for he out-rán me, which is what I
 ‘ thought fèw men in the kíngdom could have
 ‘ dóne.’ — ‘ Plèase your honour,’ cried Jénk-
 ‘ inson, ‘ I know the mán: it is cértainly the
 ‘ sàme; the best runner in ‘England; he has
 ‘ béaten Pinwire of Newcàstle, Timothy Bax-
 ‘ ter is his nàme, I know him pérfectly, and
 ‘ the very place of his retrèat this mòmènt. If
 ‘ your hónour will bid Mr. Gàoler let two of
 ‘ his men gò with mè, I’ll engagè to prodùce
 ‘ him to you in an hòur at fàrthèst.’ Upon
 this the gàoler was càllèd, who ínstantly ap-
 pèaring, Sir William demánded if he knèw him.
 ‘ Yes, plèase your honour,’ replied the gàoler,
 ‘ I know Sir William Thòrnhill well, and
 ‘ évery body that knows ány thing of him,
 ‘ will desìre to know mòre of him.’ — Well
 ‘ then,’ said the Báronet, ‘ my requést is, that
 ‘ you

‘ you will permít this mán and twò of your
 ‘ sérvants to go upon a méssage by my authóri-
 ‘ ty, and as I am in the commíssion of the
 ‘ péace, I undertáke to secúre you. ’ — ‘ Your
 ‘ prómise is suffícient, ’ replied the óther, and
 ‘ you may at a minute’s wàrning send them
 ‘ over ‘England whenéver your honour thinks
 ‘ fít. ’

In pursuance of the gaoler’s complíance, Jenkinson was dispátched in seárch of Timothy Báxter, while we were amúsed with the affídúity of our youngest boy BÍll, who had just come ín and climbed up to Sir WÍlliam’s néck in order to kíss him. His mother was immédíately going to chastíse his famíliarity, but the worthy mán prévénted her; and táking the chÍld, all rágged as he wás, upon his knée, ‘ What, BÍll, you chubby rògue, ’ cried he, ‘ do you remémber your old friend Búrchell? ’ and Dick tòò, my honest vétéran, are you ‘ here, you sháll fínd I have not forgót you. ’ So sàying, he gave each a lárge piece of gínger-bread, which the poor féllows eat very héar-tily, as they had gót that morning but a véry scanty bréakfast.

‘ We now fate dówn to dínnér, which was almost còld; but prévíously, my arm stÍll contínuing páínful, Sir WÍlliam wròte a préscription, for he had máde the stúdy of phýsic
 his

his amusements, and was more than moderately skilled in the profession: this being sent to an apothecary who lived in the place, my arm was dressed, and I found almost instantaneous relief. We were waited upon at dinner by the gaoler himself, who was willing to do our guest all the honour in his power. But before we had well dined, another message was brought from his nephew, desiring permission to appear, in order to vindicate his innocence and honour, with which request the Baronet complied, and desired Mr. Thornhill to be introduced.

CHAP. XXXI.

Former benévolence now repaid with unexpected interest.

MR. Thórnhill made his éntance with a smile, which he seldom wanted, and was going to embrace his úncle, which the other repúlsed with an air of disdain. ‘No fawning, Sir, at présent,’ cried the Báronet, with a look of severity, ‘the ónly way to my héart is by the ròad of hónour; but here I only see complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice, and oppression. How is it, Sir, that this poor man, for whom I know you professed a friendship, is used thus hardly? His daughter vilely seduced, as a récompence for his hospitality, and he himself thrown into a prison perhaps but for resenting the insult? His son too, whom you feared to face as a man —’

‘Is it possible, Sir,’ interrupted his nephew, ‘that my uncle could object that as a crime which his repeated instructions alone have persuaded me to avoid.’

‘Your rebuke,’ cried Sir William, ‘is just; you have acted in this instance prudently and

‘and well, though not quite as your father would have done: my brother indeed was the soul of honour; but thou — yes you have acted in this instance perfectly right, and it has my warmest approbation.’

‘And I hope,’ said his nephew, ‘that the rest of my conduct will not be found to deserve censure. I appeared, Sir, with this gentleman’s daughter at some places, of public amusement; thus what was levity, scandal called by a harsher name, and it was reported that I had debauched her. I waited on her father in person, willing to clear the thing to his satisfaction, and he received me only with insult and abuse. As for the rest, with regard to his being here, my attorney and steward can best inform you, as I commit the management of business entirely to them. If he has contracted debts and is unwilling or even unable to pay them, it is their business to proceed in this manner, and I see no hardship or injustice in pursuing the most legal means of redress.’

‘If this,’ cried Sir William, ‘be as you have stated it, there is nothing unpardonable in your offence; and though your conduct might have been more generous in not suffering this gentleman to be oppressed by subordinate tyranny, yet it has been at least equitable.’

‘He

‘ He cannot contradict a single particular,’
replied the Squire, ‘ I defy him to do so, and
‘ several of my servants are ready to attest what
‘ I say. Thus, Sir,’ continued he, finding
that I was silent, for in fact I could not con-
tradict him, ‘ thus, Sir, my own innocence is
‘ vindicated; but though at your entreaty I am
‘ ready to forgive this gentleman every other
‘ offence, yet his attempts to lessen me in your
‘ esteem, excite a resentment that I cannot
‘ govern. And this too at a time when his son
‘ was actually preparing to take away my life;
‘ this, I say, was such guilt, that I am deter-
‘ mined to let the law take its course. I have
‘ here the challenge that was sent me, and two
‘ witnesses to prove it; one of my servants has
‘ been wounded dangerously, and even though
‘ my uncle himself should dissuade me, which
‘ I know he will not, yet I will see public jus-
‘ tice done, and he shall suffer for it.’

‘ Thou monster,’ cried my wife, ‘ hast
‘ thou not had vengeance enough already, but
‘ must my poor boy feel thy cruelty? I hope
‘ that good Sir William will protect us, for
‘ my son is as innocent as a child; I am sure
‘ he is, and never did harm to man.’

‘ Madam,’ replied the good man, ‘ your
‘ wishes for his safety are not greater than mine;
‘ but I am sorry to find his guilt too plain; and

S

‘ if

‘ if my nephew persists — ’ But the appearance of Jénkinson and the gaòler’s two fervants now called òff our atténtion, who éntered, haling in a tall mán, very gentèelly drest, and answering the description already gíven of the rúffian who had carried òff my dàughter — ‘ Hère,’ cried Jénkinson, pulling him ín, ‘ here we hàve ‘ him; and if éver there was a cándidate for ‘ Tỳburn, this is óne.’

The mòmènt Mr. Thòrnhill percèived the prísoner, and Jénkinson, who had him in cús-tody, he sèemed to shrink back with térror. His face became pàle with conscíous guílt, and he would have withdrawn; but Jénkinson, who percèived his desígn, stópt him. — ‘ What, ‘ ’Squire,’ cried he, are you afhàmed of your ‘ two old acquàintances, Jénkinson and Báxter? ‘ but this is the wáy that all great men forgét ‘ their friends, though I am resólvèd we will ‘ not forgét you. Our prísoner, plèase your ‘ honour,’ contínued he, turning to Sir Wílliam, ‘ has alréady confessed àll. This is the ‘ gèntleman repòrted to be so dangerously ‘ wòunded: He declàres that it was Mr. Thòrn- ‘ hill who first pút him upon this affair, that ‘ he gave him the clòaths he now wèars to ap- ‘ pèar like a gèntleman, and fúrnished him with ‘ the pòstchaife. The plan was laid betwéen ‘ them that he shòuld carry òff the young làdy ‘ to

• to a place of safety, and that there he should
 • threaten and terrify her; but Mr. Thornhill
 • was to come in in the mean time, as if by
 • accident, to her rescue, and that they should
 • fight awhile, and then he was to run off, by
 • which Mr. Thornhill would have the better
 • opportunity of gaining her affections himself
 • under the character of her defender.'

Sir William remembered the coat to have
 been frequently worn by his nephew, and all
 the rest the prisoner himself confirmed by a
 more circumstantial account; concluding, that
 Mr. Thornhill had often declared to him that
 he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

• 'Heavens,' cried Sir William, 'what a
 • viper have I been fostering in my bosom!
 • And so fond of public justice too as he seemed
 • to be. But he shall have it; secure him, Mr.
 • Gaoler — yet hold, I fear there is not legal
 • evidence to detain him.'

Upon this, Mr. Thornhill, with the ut-
 most humility, entreated that two such aban-
 doned wretches might not be admitted as evi-
 dences against him, but that his servants should
 be examined. — 'Your servants!' replied
 Sir William, 'wretch, call them yours no lon-
 • ger: but come let us hear what those fellows
 • have to say, let his butler be called.'

When the bûtler was introduced, he soon perceived by his former master's looks that all his power was now over. 'Téll me,' cried Sir Wílliam sternly, 'have you ever seen your master and that féllow drest up in his clòaths in còmpany togéther?' 'Yes, please your honour,' cried the bûtler, 'a thoufand times: he was the mán that always brought him his ladies.' — 'How,' interrúpted young Mr. Thòrnhill, 'this to my face!' — 'Yes,' replied the bûtler, 'or to ány man's face. To tell you a trùth, Master Thòrnhill, I never éither loved you or liked you, and I don't càre if I tell you now a pièce of my mind.' — 'Now then,' cried Jénkinson, 'tell his hónoùr whether you know ány thing of mè.' — 'I can't fày,' replied the bûtler, 'that I know much gòod of you. The night that gentleman's daughter was delùded to our hòuse, you were óne of them.' — 'So then,' cried Sir Wílliam, 'I find you have bròught a very fine witness to prove your innocence: thou stain to humáni. y! to affóciate with such wrétches!' (But continuing his examinàtion) 'You téll me, Mr. Bûtler, that this was the pèrson who bròught him this old gentleman's daughter.' — 'No, please your honour,' replied the Bûtler, 'he did not bring her, for the 'Squire himself undertòok that búsiness; but

‘ but he brought the priest that pretended to
‘ marry them.’ — ‘ It is but too true,’ cried
Jénkinson, ‘ I cannot deny it, that was the
‘ emplòyment assigned me, and I confés it to
‘ my confùsion.’

‘ Good héavens!’ exclaimed the Baro-
net, ‘ hòw every new discóvery of his villainy
‘ alàrms me. ‘ All his guilt is now too plàin,
‘ and I find his présent profecùtion was dictated
‘ by tỳranny, còwardice, and revéngé; at my
‘ request, Mr. Gàoler, set this young ófficer,
‘ now your prísoner, frée, and trust to mè for
‘ the cónsequences. I’ll make it my búsiness
‘ to set the affàir in a proper light to my friend
‘ the mágistrate who has committed him. But
‘ where is the unfórtunate young lady herself?
‘ let her appèar to confront this wrétch; I long
‘ to knòw by what árts he has sedùced her.
‘ Entrèat her to come ín. Whére is she?’

‘ Ah, Sir,’ said I, ‘ that quéstion stings
‘ me to the héart: I was once indèed happy in
‘ a dàughter, but her miseries — ’ Another
interruption here prevented me; for who should
make her appèarance but Miss Arabella Wílmot,
who was next dày to have been married to
Mr. Thòrnhill. Nothing could èqual her sur-
prìze at seeing Sir Wílliam and his néphew here
befòre her; for her arrìval was quite accidéntal.
It háppened that she and the old géntleman her

fàther were pàssing through the tòw, on their wáy to her àunt's, who had insisted that her nùptials with Mr. Thòrnhill should be confùmmated at her hoùse; but stópping for refréshment, they put up at an inn at the other end of the tòwn. It was there from the wíndow that the young làdy happened to observe one of my little bòiys playing in the strèet, and instantly sending a fòotman to bring the child to hër, she learnt from him some accòunt of our misfòrtunes; but was still kept ignorant of young Mr. Thòrnhill's bèing the càuse. Though her fàther made several remónstrances on the impropriety of going to a prìson to vísit us, yet they were inefféctual; she desired the child to conduct her, which he díd, and it was thus she surprised us at a jùcture so unexpected.

Nor can I go ón, without a refléction on those accidéntal mèetings, which, though they háppen every dày, seldom excite our surprize but upon some extraórdinary occàsion. To what a fortùitous concúrrence do we not owe every pléasure and convénience of our livers. How many sèeming áccidents must unite before we can be clòthed or féd. The péasant must be dispòsed to làbour, the shower must fàll, the wind fill the merchant's sàil, or nùmbers must want the usual supply.

We

We all continued silent for some moments, while my charming pupil, which was the name I generally gave this young lady, united in her looks compassion and astonishment, which gave new finishings to her beauty. 'Indeed, my dear Mr. Thornhill,' cried she to the Squire, who she supposed was come here to succour and not to oppress us, 'I take it a little unkindly that you should come here without me, or never inform me of the situation of a family so dear to us both: you know I should take as much pleasure in contributing to the relief of my reverend old master here, whom I shall ever esteem, as you can. But I find that, like your uncle, you take a pleasure in doing good in secret.'

He find pleasure in doing good!' cried Sir William, interrupting her. 'No, my dear, his pleasures are as base as he is. You see in him, madam, as complete a villain as ever disgraced humanity. A wretch, who after having deluded this poor man's daughter, after plotting against the innocence of her sister, has thrown the father into prison, and the eldest son into fetters, because he had courage to face his betrayer. And give me leave, madam, now to congratulate you upon an escape from the embraces of such a monster.'

‘ O goodness,’ cried the lovely girl, how
‘ have I been deceived! Mr. Thòrnhill informed
‘ me for cértain that this gentleman’s eldest
‘ sòn, Captain Prímrose, was gone óff to Ame-
‘ rica with his new-married làdy.’

‘ My swèetest miss,’ cried my wife, he
‘ has told you nóthing but falsehoòds. My
‘ sòn Gèorge never left the kíngdom, nor never
‘ was married. Tho’ you have forsàken him,
‘ he has always lòved you too well to think
‘ of any body élse; and I have heard him fày
‘ he would die a batchelor for your fàke.’ She
then procèeded to expàtiate upon the sincé-
rity of her sòn’s pássion, she set his dùel with Mr.
Thòrnhill in a proper light, from thénce she
made a rápid digréssion to the ‘Squire’s debàuch-
eries, his prétended márriages, and ended with
a most infúlting picture of his còwardice.

‘ Good héavens!’ cried Miss Wílmot,
‘ how very near have I been to the brink of
‘ rùin! But how great is my pléasure to have
‘ escàped it! Ten thousand fàlsehoods has this
‘ gentleman tòld me! He had at last árt enough
‘ to persuàde me that my prómise to the only
‘ man I estèemed was no longer bìnding, since
‘ he had been unfaìthful. By his fàlsehoods
‘ I was taught to detést one equally bràve and
‘ gènerous!’

But

But by this time my son was freed from the incumbrances of justice, as the person supposed to be wounded was detected to be an impostor. Mr. Jenkinson also, who had acted as his valet de chambre, had dressed up his hair, and furnished him with whatever was necessary to make a genteel appearance. He now therefore entered, handsomely dressed in his regimentals, and, without vanity, (for I am above it) he appeared as handsome a fellow as ever wore a military dress. As he entered, he made Miss Wilmot a modest and distant bow, for he was not as yet acquainted with the change which the eloquence of his mother had wrought in his favour. But no decorums could restrain the impatience of his blushing mistress to be forgiven. Her tears, her looks, all contributed to discover the real sensations of her heart, for having forgotten her former promise and having suffered herself to be deluded by an impostor. My son appeared amazed at her condescension, and could scarce believe it real. — ‘Sure, madam,’ cried he, ‘this is but
‘delusion! I can never have merited this! To
‘be blest thus is to be too happy.’ — ‘No,
‘Sir,’ replied she, ‘I have been deceived,
‘basely deceived, else nothing could have ever
‘made me unjust to my promise. You know
‘my friendship, you have long known it; but

‘ forget what I have done, and as you once had
‘ my warmest vows of constancy, you shall
‘ now have them repeated; and be assured that
‘ if your Arabella cannot be yours, she shall
‘ never be another’s.’ — ‘ And no other’s you
‘ shall be,’ cried Sir William, ‘ if I have any
‘ influence with your father.’

This hint was sufficient for my son Moses, who immediately flew to the inn where the old gentleman was, to inform him of every circumstance that had happened. But in the mean time the Squire perceiving that he was on every side undone, now finding that no hopes were left from flattery or dissimulation, concluded that his wisest way would be to turn and face his pursuers. Thus laying aside all shame, he appeared the open hardy villain. ‘ I
‘ find then,’ cried he, that I am to expect no
‘ justice here; but I am resolved it shall be done
‘ me. You shall know, Sir,’ turning to Sir
‘ William, ‘ I am no longer a poor dependant
‘ upon your favours, I scorn them. Nothing
‘ can keep Miss Wilmot’s fortune from me,
‘ which, I thank her father’s assiduity, is pret-
‘ ty large. The articles, and a bond for her
‘ fortune, are signed, and safe in my possession.
‘ It was her fortune, not her person, that in-
‘ duced me to wish for this match; and pos-
‘ sessed of the one, let who will take the other.’

This

This was an alarming blow: Sir William was sensible of the justice of his claims, for he had been instrumental in drawing up the marriage articles himself. Miss Wilmot therefore perceiving that her fortune was irretrievably lost, turning to my son she asked if the loss of fortune could lessen her value to him. ‘Though fortune,’ said she, ‘is out of my power, at least I have my hand to give.’

‘And that, madam,’ cried her real lover ‘was indeed all that you ever had to give; at least all that I ever thought worth the acceptance. And I now protest, my Arabella, by all that’s happy, your want of fortune this moment increases my pleasure, as it serves to convince my sweet girl of my sincerity.’

Mr. Wilmot now entering, he seemed not a little pleased at the danger his daughter had just escaped, and readily consented to a dissolution of the match. But finding that her fortune, which was secured to Mr. Thornhill by bond, would not be given up, nothing could exceed his disappointment. He now saw that his money must all go to enrich one who had no fortune of his own. He could bear his being a rascal, but to want an equivalent to his daughter’s fortune was wormwood. He sat therefore for some minutes employed in the most mortifying speculations, till Sir William attempted to lessen his anxiety. — ‘I must confess, Sir,

‘ Sir,’ cried he, ‘ that your présent disappointment
‘ does not entirely displease me. Your
‘ immoderate passion for wealth is now justly
‘ punished. But tho’ the young lady cannot be
‘ rich, she has still a competence sufficient to
‘ give content. Here you see an honest young
‘ soldier, who is willing to take her without
‘ fortune; they have long loved each other, and
‘ for the friendship I bear his father, my interest
‘ shall not be wanting in his promotion.
‘ Leave then that ambition which disappoints
‘ you, and for once admit that happiness which
‘ courts your acceptance.’

‘ Sir William,’ replied the old gentleman,
‘ be assured I never yet forced her inclinations,
‘ nor will I now. If she still continues to love
‘ this young gentleman, let her have him with
‘ all my heart. There is still, thank heaven,
‘ some fortune left, and your promise will make
‘ it something more. Only let my old friend
‘ here (meaning me) give me a promise of settling
‘ six thousand pounds upon my girl, if ever
‘ he should come to his fortune, and I am ready
‘ this night to be the first to join them together.’

As it now remained with me to make the
young couple happy, I readily gave a promise
of making the settlement he required, which, to
one who had such little expectations, as I, was
no great favour. We had now therefore the
satis-

satisfaction of seeing them fly into each other's arms in a transport. 'After all my misfortunes,' cried my son George, 'to be thus rewarded! Sure this is more than I could ever have presumed to hope for. To be possessed of all that's good, and after such an interval of pain! My warmest wishes could never rise so high!' — Yes, my George,' returned his lovely bride, 'now let the wretch take my fortune; since you are happy without it so am I. O what an exchange have I made from the basest of men to the dearest best! — Let him enjoy our fortune, I now can be happy even in indigence.' — And I promise you,' cried the 'Squire, with a malicious grin, 'that I shall be very happy with what you despise.' — Hold, hold, Sir,' cried Jenkinson, 'there are two words to that bargain. As for that lady's fortune, Sir, you shall never touch a single stiver of it. Pray your honour,' continued he to Sir William, can the 'Squire have this lady's fortune if he be married to another?' — 'How can you make such a simple demand?' replied the Baronet, 'undoubtedly he cannot.' — 'I am sorry for that,' cried Jenkinson; 'for as this gentleman and I have been old fellow sporters, I have a friendship for him. But I must declare, well as I love him, that his contract is not
worth

‘worth a tobacco stopper, for he is married already.’ — ‘You lie, like a rascal,’ returned the ‘Squire, who seemed roused by this insult; ‘I never was legally married to any woman.’ — ‘Indeed, begging your honour’s pardon,’ replied the other, ‘you were; and I hope you will shew a proper return of friendship to your own honest Jenkinson, who brings you a wife, and if the company restrains their curiosity a few minutes, they shall see her.’ — So saying he went off with his usual celerity, and left us all unable to form any probable conjecture as to his design. — ‘Ay let him go,’ cried the ‘Squire; ‘whatever else I may have done I defy him there. I am too old now to be frightened with squibs.’

‘I am surprised,’ said the Baronet, ‘what the fellow can intend by this. Some low piece of humour I suppose!’ — ‘Perhaps, Sir,’ replied I, ‘he may have a more serious meaning. For when we reflect on the various schemes this gentleman has laid to seduce innocence, perhaps some one more artful than the rest has been found able to deceive him. When we consider what numbers he has ruined, how many parents now feel with anguish the infamy and the contamination which he has brought into their families, it would not surprise me if some
‘one

‘ one of them — Amàzement! Do I see my
‘ lost dàughter! Do I hòld her! It is, it is my
‘ life, my háppiness. I thought thee lóft, my
‘ ‘Olivia, yet still I hòld thee — and still thou
‘ shalt live to bléss me.’ The wàrmeft transf-
ports of the fóndest lover were not greater than
mine when I saw him introdùce my child, and
held my dàughter in my àrms, whose sílence
only spoke her ráptures. ‘ And art thou retur-
‘ ned to mè, my dàrling,’ cried I, to be my
‘ cómfort in àge!’ — ‘ That she is,’ cried
‘ Jénkinson, ‘and màke much of her, for she
‘ is your own hónourable child, and as hónest
‘ a woman as any in the whole ròom, let the
‘ óther be who she wíll. And as for you
‘ ‘Squire, as sûre as you stánd there, this young
‘ làdy is your lawful wéddeð wife. And to
‘ convínce you that I speak nóthing but trùth,
‘ here is the lícence by which you were már-
‘ ried togethé.’ — So sàying, he put the
lícence into the Baronet’s hánds, who réad it,
and found it pérfect in every respéct. ‘ And
nòw, géntlemen,’ continued he, ‘ I find you
‘ are surprísed at àll this; but a fèw words
‘ will explàin the dífficulty. That there ‘Squire
‘ of renown, for whom I have a great friend-
‘ ship, but that’s betwèen ourselvés, has often
‘ employed me in doing odd little thíngs for
‘ him. Amóng the rest, he commíssioned me
‘ to

' to procure him a false licence and a false
 ' priest, in order to deceive this young lady.
 ' But as I was very much his friend, what did
 ' I do but went and got a true licence and a
 ' true priest, and married them both as fast as
 ' the cloth could make them. Perhaps you'll
 ' think it was generosity that made me do all
 ' this. But no. To my shame I confess it,
 ' my only design was to keep the licence and
 ' let the 'Squire know that I could prove it
 ' upon him whenever I thought proper, and so
 ' make him come down whenever I wanted
 ' money.' A burst of pleasure now seemed to
 ' fill the whole apartment; our joy reached
 ' even to the common room, where the pri-
 ' soners themselves sympathized,

And shook their chains

In transport and rude harmony.

Happiness was expanded upon every face,
 and even Olivia's cheek seemed flushed with
 pleasure. To be thus restored to reputation,
 to friends and fortune at once, was a rapture
 sufficient to stop the progress of decay and
 restore former health and vivacity. But per-
 haps among all there was not one who felt sin-
 cerer pleasure than I. Still holding the dear-
 loved child in my arms, I asked my heart if
 these transports were not delusion. 'How
 ' could you,' cried I, turning to Mr. Jenkin-
 son,

son, 'how could you ádd to my míseries by
' the story of her déath? But it mátters not;
' my pléasure at finding her agàin, is more than
' a récompence for the pàin.'

'As to your quéstion,' replied Jénkinson,
' that is easily ánsivered. I thought the only
' probable méans of freeing you from prísón,
' was by submíttíng to 'the 'Squire, and con-
' sénting to his márríage with the other young
' làdy. But thèse you had vòwed never to
' gránt while your daughter was líving; there
' was thérefore no other méthod to bring things
' to bèar but by persuàding you that she was
' déad. I prevàiled on your wífe to join in
' the decèit, and we have not had a fit opport-
' ùnity of undecèiving you till now.'

In the whole ássembly now there only
appeàred two fàces that did not glow with
tránsport. Mr. Thòrnhill's assùrance had enti-
rèly forsaken him: he now saw the gúlph of
ínfamy and want befòre him, and trémbled to
take the plúnge. He thérefore fell on his
knèes before his úncle, and in a voíce of pier-
cing míserý implòred compàssion. Sir William
was going to spurn him away, but at my re-
quést he raísed him, and after paúsing a few
mòments, 'Thy vices, crímes, and ingrátitude,'
cried he, 'desérve no ténderness; yet thou shalt
' not be entirely forsàken, a bare cómpetence
T shall

‘ shall be supplied, to support the wants of
 ‘ life, but not its follies. This young lady,
 ‘ thy wife, shall be put in possession of a third
 ‘ part of that fortune which once was thine,
 ‘ and from her tenderness alone thou art to ex-
 ‘ pect any extraordinary supplies for the future.’
 He was going to express his gratitude for such
 kindness in a set speech; but the Baronet pre-
 vented him by bidding him not aggravate his
 meanness, which was already but too apparent.
 He ordered him at the same time to be gone,
 and from all his former domestics to chuse one
 such as he should think proper, which was all
 that should be granted to attend him.

As soon as he left us, Sir William very
 politely stepped up to his new niece with a smile,
 and wished her joy. His example was follo-
 wed by Miss Wilmot and her father; my wife
 too kissed her daughter with much affection, as,
 to use her own expression, she was now made
 an honest woman of. Sophia and Moses follo-
 wed in turn, and even our benefactor Jenkin-
 son desired to be admitted to that honour. Our
 satisfaction seemed scarce capable of increase.
 Sir William, whose greatest pleasure was in
 doing good, now looked round with a counte-
 nance open as the sun, and saw nothing but joy
 in the looks of all except that of my daughter
 Sophia, who, for some reasons we could not
 com-

comprehend, did not seem perfectly satisfied. 'I think now,' cried he, with a smile, 'that all the company, except one or two, seem perfectly happy. There only remains an act of justice for me to do. You are sensible, Sir,' continued he, turning to me, 'of the obligations we both owe Mr. Jenkinson. And it is but just we should both reward him for it. Miss Sophia will, I am sure, make him very happy, and he shall have from me five hundred pounds as her fortune, and upon this I am sure they can live very comfortably together. Come, Miss Sophia, what say you to this match of my making? Will you have him? — My poor girl seemed almost sinking into her mother's arms at the hideous proposal. — 'Have him, Sir!' cried she faintly. 'No, Sir, never.' — 'What,' cried he again, 'not have Mr. Jenkinson, your benefactor, a handsome young fellow, with five hundred pounds and good expectations!' — 'I beg, Sir,' returned she, scarce able to speak, 'that you'll desist, and not make me so very wretched. — 'Was ever such obstinacy known,' cried he again, 'to refuse a man whom the family has such infinite obligations to, who has preserved your sister, and who has five hundred pounds! What not have him!' — 'No, Sir, never.' replied she, angrily, 'I'd sooner die

‘ first. ’ — ‘ If that be the case then, ’ cried he, ‘ if you will not have him — I think I must have you myself. ’ And so saying, he caught her to his breast with ardour. ‘ My loveliest, my most sensible of girls, ’ cried he, ‘ how could you ever think your own Burchell could deceive you, or that Sir William Thornhill could ever cease to admire a mistress that loved him for himself alone? I have for some years sought for a woman, who a stranger to my fortune could think that I had merit as a man. After having tried in vain, even amongst the pert and the ugly, how great at last must be my rapture to have made a conquest over such sense and such heavenly beauty. ’ Then turning to Jenkinson, ‘ As I cannot, Sir, part with this young lady myself, for she has taken a fancy to the cut of my face, all the recompence I can make is to give you her fortune, and you may call upon my steward to morrow for five hundred pounds. ’ Thus we had all our compliments to repeat, and Lady Thornhill underwent the same round of ceremony that her sister had done before. In the mean time Sir William’s gentleman appeared to tell us that the equipages were ready to carry us to the inn, where every thing was prepared for our reception. My wife and I led the van, and left those gloomy mansions of for-

sorrow. The generous Báronet ordered forty pòunds to be distríbuted among the prísoners, and Mr. Wílmot, induced by his exámple, gave half that sùm. We were recèived below by the s'hoùts of the víllagers, and I saw and shòok by the hánd two or thrèe of my hónest paríshioners, who were amóng the nùmber. They attended us to our ínn, where a sùmptuous entertainment was provided, and còarser provisions distríbuted in great quántities among the pópulace.

After sùpper, as my spírits were exhàusted by the alternàtion of pléasure and pain which they had sustàined during the dày, I asked permission to withdraw, and leaving the còmpany in the midst of their mirth, as soon as I fòund myself alòne, I pòured out my heart in grátitude to the giver of joý as well as of sórrow, and then slept undistùrbed till mòrning.

CHAP. XXXII.

The Conclusion.

THE next mornìng as soon as I awàked, I found my éldest son sitting by my bédside, who came to encrease my joy with anóther turn of fórtune in my fàvour. First having released me from the séttlement that I had made the day before in his fàvour, he let me know that my mérchant who had fáiled in tòwn was arrésted at Antwerp, and there had given up effécts to a much grèater amòunt than what was dùe to his créditors. My boy's generó-sity plèased me almòst as much as this unlóoked for good fórtune. But I had some dòubts whether I ought in jústice to accept his óffer. While I was póndering upon this, Sir William éntered the ròom, to whom I communicated my dòubts. His opínion was, that as my son was alréady posséssed of a very áffluent fortune by his márrriage, I might accépt his offer without any hésitation. His búsiness, howéver, was to infòrm me that as he had the night before sent for the licences, and expécted them every hòur, he hòped that I would not refúse my assístance in making all the cómpany happy that mornìng. A fòotman éntered while we
were

were speaking, to tell us that de méssenger was returned, and as I was by this time réady, I went down, where I found the whòle company as mérry as áffluence and innocence could make them. Howéver, as they were now préparing for a very solemn céremony, their làughter entirely displéased me. I told them of the gràve, becóming and sublíme depòrtment they shòuld assùme upon this mýstical occàsion, and rèad them two hómilies and a thésis of my own compòsing, in order to préparè them. Yet they still sèemed perfectly refráctory and ungóvernable. Even as we were going along to chùrch, to which I led the way, all gràvity had quite forsàken them, and I was òften tempted to turn back in indignàtion. In church a nèw dilemma aròse, which prómised nò easy solùtion. This was, which còuple shòuld be married first; my son's bríde warmly insisted, that Lady Thòrnhill, (that was to bè) shòuld take the lèad; but this the other refùsed with equal àrdour, protésting s'he would not be gúilty of such rùdeness for the wórld. The árgument was suppòrted for some time betwèen both with equal óbstinacy and good brèeding. But as I stood all this time with my book réady, I was at last quite tired of the contést, and shutting it, 'I percèive,' cried I, 'that none of you
'have a mind to be married, and I think we

‘ had as good go back again ; for I suppose there
‘ will be no business done here to-day.’ —
This at once reduced them to reason. The
Baronet and his Lady were first married, and
then my son and his lovely partner.

I had previously that morning given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbour Flamborough and his family, by which means, upon our return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamboroughs alighted before us. Mr. Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Moses led up the other ; (and I have since found that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and my consent and bounty he shall have whenever he thinks proper to demand them.) We were no sooner returned to the inn, but numbers of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me, but among the rest were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I formerly rebuked with such sharpness. I told the story to Sir William, my son-in-law, who went out and reproved them with great severity ; but finding them quite disheartened by his harsh reproof, he gave them half a guinea apiece to drink his health and raise their dejected spirits.

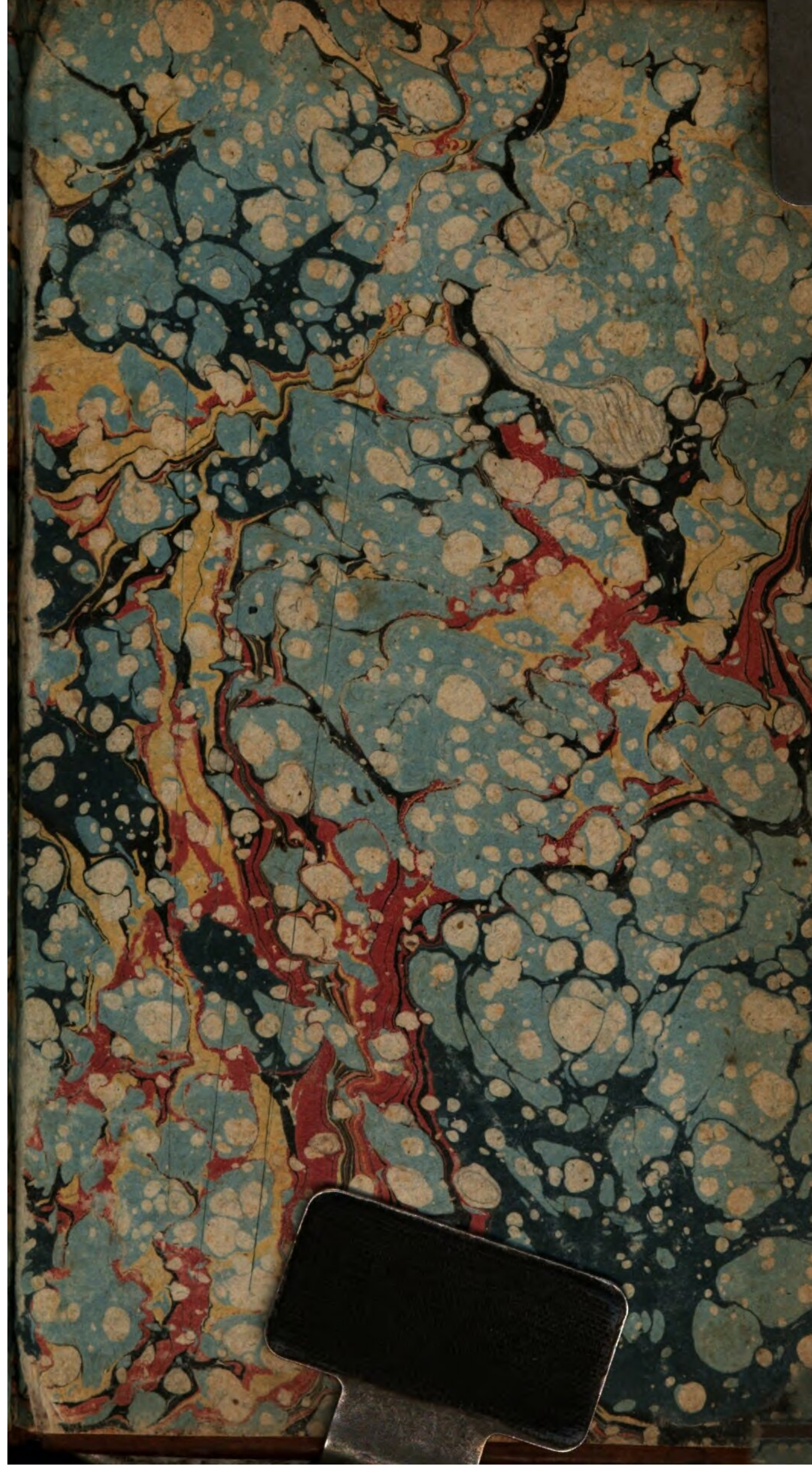
Soon after this we were called to a very genteel entertainment, which was dressed by Mr. Thornhill’s cook. And it may not be improper

per to observe with respect to that gentleman, that he now resides in quality of companion at a relation's house, being very well liked and seldom sitting at the side-table, except when there is no room at the other; for they make no stranger of him. His time is pretty much taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy in spirits, and in learning to blow the French-horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret; and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that when he reforms she may be brought to relent. But to return, for I am not apt to digress thus, when we were to sit down to dinner our ceremonies were going to be renewed. The question was whether my eldest daughter, as being a matron, should not sit above the two young brides, but the debate was cut short by my son George, who proposed, that the company should sit indiscriminately, every gentleman by his lady. This was received with great approbation by all, excepting my wife, who I could perceive was not perfectly satisfied, as she expected to have had the pleasure of sitting at the head of the table and carving all the meat for all the company. But notwithstanding this, it is impossible to describe our good humour. I can't say whether we had more wit amongst us now

than usual; but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One jest I particularly remember, old Mr. Wilmot drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied, 'Madam, I thank you.' Upon which the old gentleman winking upon the rest of the company, observed that he was thinking of his mistress. At which jest I thought the two Miss Flambo-roughs would have died with laughing. As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom, I requested that the table might be taken away, to have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once more by a chearful fireside. My two little ones sat upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for, all my cares were over, my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

F I N I S.











Goldsmith, Oliver,

The Vicar Of Wakefield A Tale

Berlin 1769

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